JOHN BULL, MARCH 2, 1946 TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1811

AIR RAIDS! A LLOYDS POLICY FOR EVERY READER

WOMEN IN THE WAR

WORDS THE WORLD AWAITS By A.G.G.

The kiddies seem to thrive on Bournville Cocoa and my missus says

-IT COSTS LESS THAN BEFORE THE WAR!

WHAT'S this? A food that's *down* in price? Yes, madam, Bournville Cocoa costs you less than it did before the war. *It has been reduced to 3d. per quarter-pound.* Housewives now find their old friend Bournville Cocoa to be a big new help in keeping the bills down. And don't forget that it's a natural food and it helps your nerves!

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- ★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

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THE 5-STAR

QUALITY UNALTERED

Save money

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1 lb. FAMILY TIN 1/6

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ISSUED BY

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OF BOURNVILLE

On their lawful occasions

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Player's Please

★ In the National interest empty your pocket at time of purchase and leave with your tobacconist

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN or CORK-TIPS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

W.C.C.5441

THIS YEAR WE CLIMB TO VICTORY

YOU CAN HELP your country and yourself at the same time if you do YOUR BEST, but you are not doing your best if you waste time. By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself.

The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

TO ACHIEVE VICTORY we must be efficient—to be efficient we must be trained. If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or, if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that the will to succeed achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

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Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 1, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

MUDDLE

● Even Mr. Bevin, the hustler, can't be in a hundred places at once.

That's a pity, for some minor officials don't seem to have heard that he's in a hurry to mobilise man- and woman-power.

But Mr. Benham, who lives near Merthyr Tydfil, heard the news. He thought it meant a job for him.

He had twenty years' experience with many kinds of machines before going to manage a shop for two years.

But the employment exchange says:

"You can't be given a mechanic's job. You must wait for a vacancy as shop assistant."

A Leeds ex-soldier threw up a good job in order to volunteer for war work.

He was sent for a two-months' course to train as a munition maker.

On leaving, the class were told by an instructor that work awaited them.

But the employment exchange disagreed. The men have been on the "dole" for weeks.

A Rotherham woman, who made munitions in the last war, applied for similar work in 1939. She is still waiting.

Straight from the Shoulder

HITLER DOESN'T LIKE IT

BRITISH grit continues to make the Axis creak.

Our industrial power grows faster than Hitler expected. So he plunders Italy for 150,000 more workers to toil in his war factories.

Mussolini can withstand neither the demands of his Axis partner nor the pressure of General Wavell's troops.

And Japan is evidently "reconsidering her position."

About Turn!

Her offer to mediate in the war is a welcome change to her attitude of bluster and bellicosity.

The strong words of a U.S. admiral, the movement of Australian troops and British aircraft, have plainly impressed the soldier-diplomats in Tokio.

Not Likely!

Britain's answer to "peace" suggestions is simple:—

We want peace. **But it must be a just peace, not a dangerous truce. Therefore, we will not negotiate with oft-perjured Hitler.**

This answer will not please Japan.

Perhaps she will retort with fresh threats.

If so, we are ready.

Yellow Bluff

Japan's entry into the war would present us with temporary difficulties.

We should not under-rate them.

But Singapore and Hong-Kong bar her way to swift success.

London and Washington long ago agreed on plans for joint defence of the Pacific.

So Japan's best hope was Bluff.

All Can See Him

That word best describes the Nazi threat to the United States.

Denunciation of Hitler by United States senators has enraged Nazi gangsters.

They are scared because the mask of god-like invincibility no longer shields him from the light of truth.

Making Adolf Squirm

Hitler is now known throughout the world as an adventurer whose stepping stones to power, even in his own country, were murder, arson, treachery and robbery.

That power he has used solely to destroy. He has created nothing—except general hatred of his name.

It is significant that senators in Washington are able to make the Beast of Berchtesgaden squirm.

His threats will not frighten them.

Can't Assess Threat

His threat to the Balkans cannot yet be assessed.

But General Wavell did not employ his main forces in the conquest of Libya.

He held them in reserve.

They are ready for service elsewhere.

Reason For Confidence

We can face the future with confidence. For we have a shrewd idea of the worst the enemy can do, and we have made our plans accordingly.

That we can spare air and military and naval reinforcements for the Middle East and Far East is a measure of our strength.

Wrought Miracles

Such moves would have been deemed impossible a year ago.

Since then we have wrought miracles. A strong Government has been aided to the full by a determined people.

Weapons of war have streamed from the factories at a prodigious rate.

Mr. Bevin's new schemes should produce them in even greater quantities.

More guns. More ships. More bombs. More bombers!

That is still our task.

Transport Difficulties

Still our worst obstacle is—Transport.

Recently a hundred ships were kept in port for weeks, unable to clear their cargoes.

Eventually they were ordered to another port, hundreds of miles away, where transport was available.

Experts Should Help

Yet long lines of Army lorries stand idle.

Only military experts can decide whether they could safely be spared to help civil transport.

But our Minister of Transport, now grappling with the whole problem, will presumably confer with the War Office on this important detail.

Save Ships

Our shipyards, busier than ever before, are to become busier yet.

But they cannot be expected to make good our losses at sea.

They are too busy constructing and repairing warships.

We must therefore look to the United States for help. We must not waste an inch of cargo space.

Wasted Space

Yet ships are still being sent on long voyages in ballast!

That means a rough passage for the crews at this time of year. It means a neglect of our export trade.

Every ship sent to fetch us steel and guns should be laden with British goods that can be sold abroad and bring us the foreign currency we need so badly.

Tottenham Shows How

We must prevent waste at home. Every local council, big or small, should follow the example of Tottenham.

Household refuse must be collected, sorted, and converted into pig food.

This is a necessary war economy. It would be a wise saving in times of peace.

Into The Sea

There is a shortage of artificial fertilisers for the land.

Yet we continue to pour sewage and other "waste" into the sea.

They can be hygienically and cheaply converted into the humid food that our soil needs. Another necessary economy!

Shocking The Nazis

Americans are learning to economise in time.

U.S. arms factories are stepping up production of the weapons that will shatter Hitlerism.

New factories are arising. But do not expect them to grow overnight. Do not expect them to start production within a month

The modern automatic rifle needs 2,345 gauges, 1,766 fixtures, 1,380 tools, and 80 punches and dies.

They cannot be made by waving a wand.

A tool for boring big guns cannot be made in less than a year.

200 a Minute

American engineers have devised a new sub-machine gun for fast production.

It weighs only 6½ pounds, fires 200 bullets a minute, yet has only three movable parts.

Five hundred such guns are made every day.

A thousand will be turned out every day of next month.

Path To Victory

There are other disagreeable surprises for Hitler that can soon be revealed.

Meantime, we must trust to our brawn and brain.

We can do even better than the immense, incredible achievements of the last year.

Then we had no successes to cheer us. Now we can recall the air victory of last September, the naval victories in many oceans, the land victories in Africa.

And we begin to see the path to complete and final Victory.

(Continued overleaf)

FIRE SPOTTERS
IMPORTANT NOTICE!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Spotters, Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids and Gas Attacks, as well as Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

FORGED British banknotes are being circulated in Switzerland by the Nazis.

It isn't the first time they have thus sought to damage our currency and obtain good foreign money in exchange.

But, as the Treasury has called in Scotland Yard, Nazis will have to try something else.

Secret Pass At Large

The "Yard" should also note that workers discharged from a Government arsenal are not obliged to surrender their passes.

One pass has been shown to strangers in a London tavern; might fall into enemy hands.

Enough said, we hope.

Apply Here, Jerry

Too much is said in official "Situations Vacant" advertisements.

One gives the full address of the Royal Naval Cordite Factory.

Jerry knew the address, of course. But the principle is bad.

Nothing to Do All Day

Service rations are to be cut.

Service staffs need even heavier lopping.

Permanent Civil Servant tells us of accounting departments at the dockyards that could be cut by half, of estimators who have nothing to estimate but spend their time reading the papers and playing cards.

Confirming JOHN BULL's criticism in a recent Open Letter, he adds that other office staffs slack by day and leave their work till night in order to draw overtime.

Bark, Please, "A.V."

From another source JOHN BULL learns similar facts.

Able-bodied men are employed on dockyard telephone duties that could be performed by "Wrens." Excessive Sunday work to obtain double pay. Comfortable jobs for Army dodgers.

A few barks from that genial bulldog, A. V. Alexander, should stop this nonsense.

Filling In Holes

Farmers, short of labour, want help to fill in the bomb craters that are keeping good land out of cultivation.

Position in some areas is so bad that M.P.s are clamouring for aid from the Ministry of Agriculture.

Some of the Pioneers might be spared for this urgent job, but chief difficulty is probably the shortage of land drainage pipes.

Does Adolf Know!

That word "urgent" is foreign to some local councils.

So a Bognor woman, taking her gas mask for a minor repair, was told to call for it in five days' time.

Perhaps Hitler will delay gas attack to suit the convenience of Bognor.

Perhaps not.

Tumbling Shelters

Shelters at Ellesmere, Shropshire, have collapsed "like a pile of sand."

Some in London can be pulled down with the hands.

Reason is use of a substitute for cement.

Now that the cement shortage has been overcome, some shelters are being rebuilt.

Need We Say More!

Two free travel vouchers were sent to the family of an R.A.F. man who was seriously injured.

Another relative whom the sick man wanted to see had to pay the full fare of £4 2s. 6d.

It would be really generous of the Air Ministry to grant an extra warrant in such instances.

Here's Victimisation

Exact reverse of generosity is the victimisation of a Peebles widow whose two sons are serving in the Army.

A married daughter came to live with her. The daughter's sole income was the Army allowance in respect of her soldier husband.

Yet the mother's 18s. allowance was immediately stopped on the shallow excuse that "the daughter living with her had an independent income."

The Secretary for War is investigating.

JOHN BULL doesn't think investigation necessary.

What About This!

He would do better to investigate the plight of a man who had joined his unit when ill with pleurisy, had to parade and wait in the cold before seeing the doctor, and was then marched to hospital.

On discharge, he was sent home on leave, still ill.

Military doctor was called, he was taken by ambulance to a hospital, after three days moved to another hospital eighteen miles away, where he still lies.

Seeing the Doctor!

It is said to take four hours to see the doctor in a big Army depot in the London area.

Further allegations: Serious overcrowding. Queues outside the lavatories, an hour's line-up to get food.

Old soldiers swear they have never before found such bad conditions, which will no doubt be promptly examined by the War Office as a result of this note.

They Don't Know

Troops were waiting at a Scottish station for the last lap of an all-day journey. They were cold and tired.

A civilian began to distribute cups of hot tea. But railway officials stopped this kindness lest other passengers be impeded!

Still, you don't expect good sense from railway bigwigs, do you?

Half-Measures

Minister of Health has taken a JOHN BULL warning to heart. Children are at last being evacuated from Bristol.

But only from the devastated areas! He forgets that children in other parts of the city experienced a mass day raid last September.

It may be difficult to find them shelter in the country, but the effort should be made.

Too Old at Twenty

Germans still marvel at "the crazy British." Let's forgive them for that.

Three N. Ireland men, after six months' wait to be called up for the Navy, applied for transfer to the Mercantile Marine.

"Too old," they were told.

Their ages are twenty, twenty-two and twenty-six.

A Sailor's Pay

Another puzzle is why sailors in liberty boats, balloon barrage boats, naval tenders and other small craft are paid at Merchant Navy rates.

Yet men engaged on the dangerous job of minesweeping get the ordinary and far lower Service rates.

Another Blunder!

Lord Woolton has found an excellent idea in sending women "advisers" round the country to tell housewives how to make the best of war time food.

Unfortunately, many of their audiences complain that only two or three of the 200 recipes described can be used because of local food shortages.

Therefore, the scheme should not be operated from Whitehall but from provincial centres.

Think It Over

Shoppers were NOT asked to buy a dozen eggs each just before the latest reduction in egg prices, as they were before the two previous reductions.

Maybe it did not happen again because of comment in this column.

No Fire Compensation

Lately we criticised a notice that the Esher, Surrey, Council would not compensate firemen or wardens for any damage to their clothing.

Directly our reference appeared, the notice was ordered to be cancelled immediately.

So don't hesitate to send minor complaints as well as the big to us.

They'll Attend It

Even more numerous than "absentee M.P.s" are local councillors who have moved to safer districts but insist on retaining their seats.

Mayors in many of the bombed towns are finding it difficult to keep sufficient councillors to tackle official business.

But some "absentees" are willing to attend once a month if their first-class fares are paid.

JOHN BULL regards this as an impudent burden on ratepayers.

Onion Price Ramp

From the secretary of the National Allotments Society comes this comment on our exposure of the onion racket:

"There is a definite shortage of seed causing wholesale prices to rise. Although packeting and transport add enormously to costs, the retailer should be satisfied with a reasonable margin of profit.

"One way to break the racket is for gardeners to form associations and buy wholesale."

But the Ministry of Agriculture should control wholesale prices!

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Gestapo men have been rushed up to offset an alleged anti-Nazi spy ring created by Roger Largeron, former French police chief. Nazis have secured M. Largeron's dismissal.**

● *New precautions have been taken to guard Marshal Pétain lest Nazis, furious at his firm stand, attempt to assassinate him.*

● Confidence in British victory is spreading in occupied France. German soldiers are forbidden to mix with civilians for fear of hearing unpalatable facts.

● **French believe that Hitler dare not use force to secure the French fleet so long as Weygand remains in Africa and holds secret power-of-attorney known to have been issued by Pétain when Laval was dismissed.**

● *£20,000,000 worth of invasion barges have been destroyed by the R.A.F.*

● All Italian airmen are now compelled to train under German pilots. Even after this discipline, only picked Italians are trusted to operate alone.

● **Since the R.A.F. flying lessons in Africa, eight out of every ten Italian machines have been withdrawn from front-line work as obsolete.**

● *German arms production is handicapped by new rail difficulties. Skilled labour is so badly needed elsewhere that construction of all rolling stock other than makeshift goods wagons has been stopped.*

● Britain and U.S.A. have foiled Nazi attempts to create "incidents" designed to drag Japan into the war.

● **Neutrals are astonished at completeness of British defences—king-pin, Singapore—which now stretch from Colombo and Calcutta to New Zealand. Latest Australian reinforcements to Singapore shocked the Axis—it was a secret kept as successfully as the sailing of the *Queen Elizabeth*.**

● *Axis hope of seizing several Dutch liners has been dashed by the offer—accepted by Britain and already safeguarded—to use these vessels as Allied hospital ships.*

SEND THEM to COVENTRY

HATS off to the workers of Britain! Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, salutes them as the worthy comrades of our fighting men.

"They are all doing what I asked them," he said, in his recent broadcast to Canada.

"They are resolved never to allow it to be said that a member of the Forces has gone short of equipment or supplies, or that the war has been prolonged one minute because of any neglect or act of theirs."

JOHN BULL endorses this high tribute to the men and women who are staffing the nation's war industries. Their achievements have been magnificent; their devotion to duty beyond praise.

But Mr. Bevin was talking in broad terms. He knows that there are some workers, in high places as well as low, who think only of themselves.

He knows, and we know, and so must you, that there are a few gluttons for "easy money" in the grand army of "gluttons for work."

The nation cannot afford to put up with these "scroungers" and "lead swingers" any longer.

Those who are fit enough should be put into uniform. The others ought to be sent—to Coventry.

Some of them are making big money for "soft" jobs in "safe" areas. The sight of ravaged Coventry might teach them a lesson. The grand way the workers there are carrying on might shame them into a sense of duty.

"But we say that they should be "sent to Coventry" in the old sense of the words, for, if they have earned nothing else, they have certainly earned the contempt of the great mass of masters and men who are loyally putting the country's interests before their own.

We will not insult the intelligence of our readers by pretending that all is well in *all* our war industries; that *every* employer is bent on top-speed output rather than profit; or that *every* wage-earner is honestly trying to earn his wages.

That is not the case.

There are some factories which are being run with reckless extravagance, and in which the waste of time is greater than the waste of money.

We also know of workers who deliberately loaf on the job, and yet insist on high wages and maximum overtime.

These shirkers and profiteers are relatively few in number, but they are "letting their comrades down." They are supposed to be in the front line with the others, but they are behaving like soldiers who sleep at their posts—or desert them.

We do not shoot civilians, but we can "fire" them—out of their well-paid jobs or into a new spirit of service.

LATTERLY some of our bomber and fighter pilots—"the few to whom so many owe so much"—have been paying visits to the factories where their planes are built.

One of these young men toured a plant of this kind, saw all that was going on there, and then, in simple words, thanked the workers for what they had done for him and his friends.

He told them that he had flown one of *their* machines to Germany and back more than thirty times. It had never failed him; it was a grand, sweet job of work, and he owed his life to the men and women who had done that job.

He was in a shop full of women workers at the time. The girls crowded round him, mobbed him. He had to break away, laughing, when they rushed to kiss him.

But he left them full of pride. They had carried on with their routine jobs through raid warnings. They had never put less than their best into the task in hand. And now they realised more vividly than ever before that they were giving the Lion its wings.

From Land's End to John o' Groat's millions of men and women in factories and offices share the pride of service with the Services.

Only the other day, after a factory had been bombed, the workers went straight back to their machines as soon as the debris had been cleared and "carried on" with the sky for roof.

There was nothing remarkable about this. On the contrary, when a works is bombed, employers notice that the output per worker and per hour almost invariably increases. That is the normal British answer to German frightfulness.

But it is not the universal answer.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

We know of a certain factory that was taken over by the Air Ministry not so long ago, and seems now to be regarded as a home of rest by many of the workers there.

Only recently they threatened to strike for a rise of pay. It was given them, and a week later they demanded another 6d. per hour!

Some of these skilled men are making anything up to £20 a week and drawing 3s. 6d. a day subsistence allowance into the bargain. They spend a lot of their time playing darts or cards, but they never fail to clock in on Sundays at double pay!

There is something very wrong here.

Not in one other, but in several other war production units, there is similar wastage, "slacking" and extravagance.

JOHN BULL has heard of more than one firm running seven days a week and achieving much less than a six-day output.

In some of these concerns absenteeism touches 20 per cent., because so many unscrupulous loafers take their double pay on Sunday, but knock off during the week.

THE result is that production is not much more than half what it ought to be, and the costs are ruinous.

We believe that these disgraceful exceptions to the general rule of grand work and loyal service are due in the main to the "cost plus" system, which JOHN BULL has always denounced, and which has now been condemned by the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

"Cost plus"—that is to say, the placing of Government orders with contractors who were guaranteed all their costs *plus* an agreed profit or percentage on the total outlay—was a curse to the country in the last war.

Unscrupulous employers naturally ran the costs up to the maximum, because the more they came to, the more money they made. Weak men and inefficient ones yielded to the same temptation less deliberately. And the workers, seeing that "money was no object," grabbed what they could and continually asked for more.

The Select Committee on National Expenditure makes this recommendation in its fourth, and most recent, report:—

> "'Cost plus' contracts should not be made for any work or product which is not novel in character, and should then only be made for the experimental phase, when even a maximum price cannot be fixed, as a means of arriving at an estimate of what continued or straight-run production is likely to cost.
>
> "There may, however, be a few wholly exceptional cases where 'cost plus' methods must be condoned on grounds of extreme urgency; but this only applies to work which it is essential to begin *and to complete* within a matter of days."

JOHN BULL agrees with every word of this recommendation, and regrets nothing but the fact that it was issue some fifteen months later than in ought to have been.

We have the highest opinion of the *intrinsic*—that is to say, the natural—honesty and loyalty of Britain's civilian army.

We accept the will to service of the vast majority of employers as well as employed.

BUT we resent the temptation to "slacking," to greed and to plain dishonesty, which Government Departments have again and again placed in the way of masters and men.

The Government ought at once to standardise wage maxima for every industry and every locality.

We know of skilled men who are earning £4 a week in certain factories for the making of parts which are assembled by unskilled labour at £8 a week.

And, worse than that, we know of employers, usually working on "cost plus" contracts, who are ready to pay their men as much as 50s. a week above the standard rate for the same work in the same town.

No man and no woman in this country to-day can have *any* valid excuse for doing less than his or her utmost to help win the war.

And we still maintain that the huge and loyal and honest majority would do well to send the slackers and the profiteers to Coventry—for the duration, or until they mend their selfish ways.

HUMAN MACHINE

WHAT ABOUT IT?

AMONG the most famous stories in the United States is that of a fellow named Rowan.

War broke out between the States and Spain in 1898. It was imperative that the President of the United States should send a letter to Garcia, leader of the rebels in Cuba, telling him what America intended to do.

But nooody knew where he was. He was just "somewhere in Cuba," miles from anybody and anything.

But the message had to be sent, and it had to get there.

The President was helpless. Then somebody said to him, "A fellow named Rowan might get Garcia for you!"

Rowan was summoned. He was asked whether he would do it. He merely said he could try. The President gave him the letter.

He put it in an oilskin pouch, strapped the pouch to his waist next the skin, walked out of the room—and disappeared.

Four days later he landed from an open boat on the coast of Cuba and melted into the jungle.

Three weeks later he left Cuba on the other side and was rowed away.

He had walked from shore to shore through ten thousand perils—and delivered the letter to Garcia

He did not ask any ridiculous questions first. He did not want explanations. He did not raise obstacles.

He did not conjure up difficulties.

He just said he would try—and succeeded.

That is why in the States even to this day the highest praise of a man is that "he could take a letter to Garcia."

Rowan had real backbone, loyalty, ability to act promptly, ability to concentrate all his energies to a given end, willingness to take on any job—and see it through.

What about it? Are you a person who could take a letter to Garcia?

OPEN LETTERS

Field-Marshal LORD BIRDWOOD,
"Father of the Indian Army"

MY LORD,—It must have given you pride and pleasure to write a foreword to Sir George Dunbar's booklet, "India at War."

The Indian Army you trained has won world-wide respect by its brave successes in Libya, but we should also be grateful for India's immense contribution in money and materials.

If encouraged by wise statesmanship, it should reach still greater proportions.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, M.P.,
Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR TOM WILLIAMS,—Surrounded by rich Lincolnshire farmland is a golf-course that is now used by few people. Why is it not used to Grow More Food?

I am asked by a parson who dare not openly voice his indignation without committing "social suicide."

But you're not the type of man who fears to offend the wealthy few.

Public parks, unfortunately, are having to be ploughed up, and private pleasure-grounds should no longer be considered sacred.—JOHN BULL.

Lady RHYS WILLIAMS,
Miskin Manor, Wales

DEAR MADAM,—Thank you for fresh evidence of the Nazis' poor psychology.

They told you of their hope that the Welsh people would revolt against the English in the event of war!

Now that war is getting well into its stride, and 350,000 Welshmen have got into uniform, perhaps even the Nazis admit that this hope was the most forlorn of all their errors.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Helston, Cornwall

GENTLEMEN,—Is it true that your fire brigade has had no drill since last summer, is short of equipment, and has never practised anti-gas measures?

If so, I must warn you that the war may not always permit the Floral Dance to be Helston's only excitement.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN FORSTER,
Industrial Peacemaker

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Everyone fighting the misery of Hitlerism should note with satisfaction your official recommendation of better wages and conditions for local men employed in Rhodesian copper mines.

Before we can build a cleaner Europe we must sweep away the rotten conditions that have led to riots in parts of our Empire.

Nazis make great play with such isolated scandals. But at least we do eventually admit and alleviate them.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. T. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Stop the transport muddle that makes workers late for their jobs and thus slows down war production!

I raised that demand a few weeks ago.

You have answered by encouraging trade unions to receive such complaints and suggest the remedy.

The scandalous neglect of our canals has been repeatedly criticised in these columns. Now you have appointed Mr. Frank Pick to report on the subject.

These two steps strengthen my hope that you will prove to be as good a Transport Minister as we have ever had.

Both are urgent and important.

Equally so is the need to restore the road transport system to relieve strain on railways.

It is monstrous that the railways should be allowed to maintain a monopoly that has hampered the transit of war materials and almost destroyed the canal system.

Quick transport of men and materials, desirable in peace, is essential in war. It cannot be achieved unless every form of transport is fully employed.

You will tread on many corns in the effort to reach a quick and large-scale reorganisation.

Don't let either their sensitiveness or their size deter you!—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING,
Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Muddle is still the chief subject of instruction at your training centres.

A Scot sent to a nine-months' course of draughtsmanship tells me the familiar story of idling in an empty classroom, of men trying to learn a new craft by watching other trainees, of instructors "who are just a joke."

After wasting time and public money, he has been told that draughtsmen are no longer wanted. So he must start all over again on some other "course."

Don't you go round these centres to see for yourself how they are run?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P.,
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Men of the Observer Corps would no doubt object to the nickname of Cinderellas. But that is how they are treated.

With less status than that of the schoolboy air cadets, these 30,000 watchers have no real equipment.

Their gas-masks are obsolete. They have to stand for hours in exposed positions with only a thin raincoat as protection—and that must be shared among many men.

If injured, they are paid for only two weeks and thereafter are treated as ordinary civilians.

If their cars are damaged, they must wait for compensation until after the war.

In every respect their conditions are abominable. Why not investigate?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. G. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Despite all you have done to stop the waste of man-power, a few examples continue to irritate me.

A young electrician, formerly a Post Office linesman, holds six certificates of competency. His Army papers are marked, "Special qualifications."

Last December he was transferred from a signals unit to the gunners for what was said to be urgent and important work.

He has been engaged on that work ever since.

What is it? Why, peeling potatoes and scrubbing floors!—JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION DIRECTOR,
Manchester

DEAR SIR,—Officials who stick to the letter of the law obviously have less patriotism than the boy refugee from the Channel Islands who wants to leave school to accept a war job.

They won't let him go because, although he is fourteen, he cannot produce his birth certificate.

I suppose he will have to stay at school even if the war should last for years!—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,
Bradford

DEAR SIRS,—No friend of Reds, I regret your dismissal of a young schoolmaster because he is a Communist.

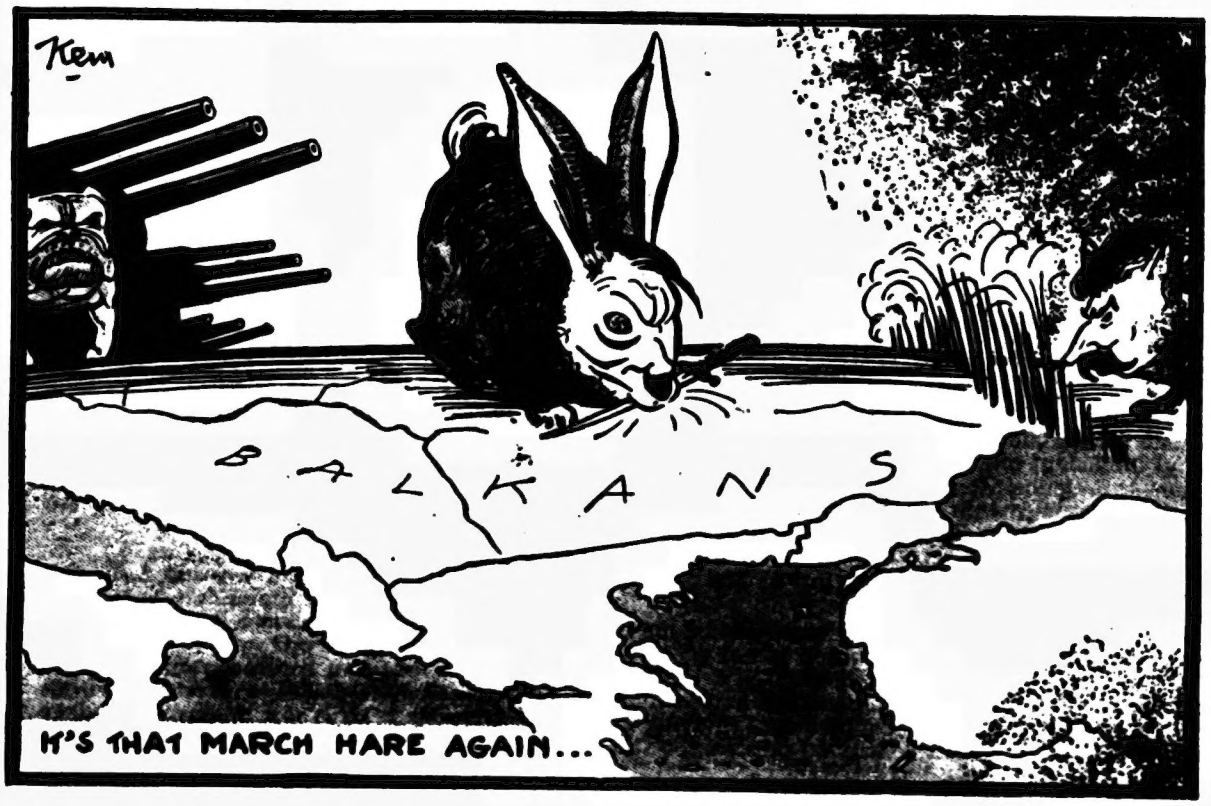
Since you were assured that he had not introduced politics into his work, and as you refused him permission to speak in his own defence, I cannot believe that justice has been done.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK,
Minister of Aircraft Production

MY LORD,—Knowing with what angry zest you bully the blunderers, let me tell you about an engineer who is working on Britain's biggest bomber.

He has broken his slide-rule and cannot get another because, he is informed, "the Government needs them all."

As lives depend on the complicated calculations on which he works for ten hours a day, seven days a week, I can depend on your anger to produce the desired result.—JOHN BULL.



WHAT IS DARLAN'S SECRET?

★ Great-grandson of an admiral who fought Nelson, and son of a Minister of Justice, Admiral Darlan, No. 1 French Statesman, won his greatest victories sitting at a desk. Will he correct the error he made when he created a super-navy at the expense of the French Army and Air Force?

HAD a gipsy fortune-teller told Admiral Darlan ten months ago that he would soon be the most powerful man in France, he would have burst out laughing.

But I am not so sure that he would have been offended.

His amazing ascent to almost dictatorial heights in recent weeks could only have been made possible by the disastrous downfall of his country, and he would never have wished to achieve a personal triumph at such a price.

Yet from the moment everything broke down, Darlan may well have realised the prospects of the new career as a statesman that circumstances, neither desired nor expected, suddenly opened to him.

He was a naval officer. Yet he did not dislike politics.

At his parents' home in Southern France, he heard more about politics than the Navy.

His father was a politician who knew all the tricks of the game.

And when he became Minister of Justice he achieved the highest honour that an ambitious provincial barrister could seek in the French Republic.

But Darlan was linked with the sea.

François' great-grandfather fought as an officer in Napoleon's Fleet at Trafalgar.

But it was on Britain's side, and against Germany, that the young naval officer Darlan fought from 1914 to 1918.

Yet it was not as a sailor. Throughout the last war he remained on land, commander of a battery of naval artillery, in Flanders, in Alsace, and in Salonika; always brilliant and courageous, but never a naval man, except for his rank and uniform.

Post-war France did not give him much opportunity to become a great admiral.

He became an Admiralty officer, a first-class technician, a shrewd diplomat.

He discussed naval Bills in Parliamentary committees, and as an expert accompanied French Ministers to international conferences in Washington, London and Geneva.

THE Admiral was much more at home in the splendid old palace of the French Ministry of Marine than in a warship.

One Minister after another was eager to keep him there, to follow his wise counsel.

Darlan became a master at handling statesmen and parliamentarians.

Through his skilful advocacy the French Navy developed magnificently.

Billions were spent on capital ships (28,500-ton *Dunkerque* and *Strasbourg*, 35,000-ton *Richelieu* and *Jean-Bart*), on cruisers, on the world's fastest destroyers and biggest submarines.

The Navy received everything for which Darlan asked at the expense of the Army and the Air Force.

The first months of the war seemed to justify Darlan's policy.

By the time German mechanised hordes began invading France, Darlan's prestige was higher than ever before.

But what France most urgently needed then were tanks and fighters, not the ultra-modern floating fortresses, lying in Oran and Dakar.

This tragic hour in French history might have been Darlan's hour had he really been a great Admiral.

His magnificent Fleet and his personal prestige were still intact, unaffected by the military rout.

He might have turned the scale at the last discussions of the War Cabinet in Tours and in Bordeaux by siding with those who were in favour of continuing the fight from North Africa and other parts of the French Empire.

But he did nothing to oppose capitulation.

He merely had a secret code message flashed on the eve of the Armistice to the French Fleet, saying:

"This is my last free message. From to-morrow I shall no longer be free, and you are no longer bound to obey orders signed by me."

But as the terms of the Armistice did not include the surrender of the French Fleet, Darlan was apparently satisfied that his beloved Navy was safe.

British statesmen did not share his confidence, and after the battle of Oran, when *Hood* and *Ark Royal* crippled the French Mediterranean Fleet, Darlan was no longer the same man.

In a fierce Order of the Day he congratulated the crews of Oran for their "heroic obedience" to the orders of the French Government, and he deplored the victims who had fallen "under the strokes of murderers."

The insult was deliberate. It was repeated after Dakar.

Darlan became a favourite of the Nazis. They praised and flattered him.

They obviously hoped that a man who had spoken of Britain in this way might "collaborate" in handing over what remained of the French Fleet.

But Darlan had not wasted his years among politicians and diplomats. He knew that (crippled though it might be) the Fleet was France's last trump card.

DEFEATED, humiliated, disarmed, mostly occupied by the enemy, France is still strong through these precious warships.

The mere counter-threat of sending them across the Mediterranean from Toulon to Bizerta, Oran and Casablanca has been sufficient to prevent the Nazis from invading the "free" zone or from proclaiming a puppet government.

Darlan is taking full advantage of this extraordinary position.

He has obtained from Marshal Pétain almost dictatorial powers, including the title of "heir apparent" of France.

He is the virtual head of the Government. The aged Pétain is becoming a mere figurehead.

All that would mean little in the France of to-day without the ships in Toulon. So Darlan watches—and waits!

French Cabinet Ministers gave him all he asked; now Francois Darlan tells them what they can have. For he is the strong man of France

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

British Rabbits Are Fighting Hitler!

I WENT along to Whitehall to see what game they were playing. What they really want, they told me there, was dollars—dollars to win the war.

American women will willingly hand over good dollars for fur coats made of those delicately soft English pelts.

Our mole-catchers earned £5 to £7 a week forty years ago, before the Germans began undercutting this prosperous British trade.

And now our thirst for American currency makes it imperative that we shall recapture the trade.

We may be starving ourselves of luxuries in our determination to win this war—but, believe me, we have never sent such a wide range of luxuries to other countries.

* * *

Even British motor-cars are stacked high for export in warehouses.

Foreigners will buy them for a few hundred pounds each.

Yet, if you went along and offered as many thousands for them, you'd be chased as a traitor.

I saw thousands of fur coats made of British rabbit-skins awaiting export.

Maybe, the term suggests to you something drab and mangy, but don't you believe it.

I am no judge, yet I could have sworn that those creations were made of silver fox, mink and a dozen other such choice furs.

Some had the feeling of soft plush, others of swansdown. There was the same range of colours and markings as you would find in any high-class furrier's in the piping days of 1938.

And this is an industry that has grown out of a hobby.

Locked away in strong-rooms I saw—and smelt—British-made scents, all for export.

Milady, at home, will cry out for them in vain, unless there is some to spare after the foreign, and particularly the United States, demand has been met.

We have always suffered from an inferiority complex about the manufacturing of perfumes, although we employ some of the finest blenders in the world.

I met a Leicestershire girl employed in the scent trade who can stand outside a garden and, blindfolded, name twenty flowers that are growing on the other side of the wall.

She can smell the kernel of a brazil nut and tell you whether it was bought at a grocer's or greengrocer's shop.

France never trained a more discriminating nose.

While Paris aimed at something exotic and alluring—you may know the adjectives better than I—we kept pegging away with true British conservatism at "Lily of the Valley" and "Sweet Pea."

Then the collapse of France gave us our chance—and our blenders their heads.

* * *

They had all the ingredients they wanted, orange blossom from Palestine, geranium oil from Kenya, frankincense, sandalwood and myrrh from India, lavender from Tasmania, Kenya and our own Mitcham, the necessary balsams, gums and resins from Australia, and "fixers" such as musks, vetivert, santal and helitrepin from all parts of the Commonwealth.

American leaders of fashion approached our newest creations with an "I'll bet it's Lily of the Valley again" look, and then went crazy over them from the first sniff.

Britain thanks them for their dollars.

We are exporting diamonds (although I must confess I wasn't shown any). As long as we keep the Dutch and Belgian diamond-cutters (they say they have come here for keeps), we shall keep this most super-luxury of all luxury trades.

* * *

War has undoubtedly taught British industry more than we ourselves realise in these days of self-denial.

Britain is exporting more fine lace than ever before, yet our lace trade was just about taking the count when the demand for splinter-proof window-netting came along to save it.

We have captured the cat-gut industry of the world—formerly a German monopoly.

Cat-gut is used for surgical stitches, but it is also used for the strings of musical instruments.

So much is being sent to Mexico that it would seem that Lotharios there are twanging to their sweethearts on the balconies on British cat-gut.

Shops seem to be so short of luxury and novelty lines that you may wonder whether the war has completely crushed the British export industry.

One look at the warehouses crammed with goods for export, and you will realise that we are better able to make the good things of life than ever before.

You must deny yourself of them.

It is part of that price of blood, toil and sweat . . .

But they will be yours in the happier days that are coming—the days which, by bringing in the dollars, they have helped to bring about.

Radio Reporters Defy the "Blitz"

Continuing his revelations of vital war-time secrets of the B.B.C., a radio ex-official says it has taken a "blitz" to make people realise that there is warm blood in the veins of the B.B.C. commentators

IN peace time, so-called "sporting" commentaries, given in the accents of the Western Brothers, described various "frightfully good shows" in "frightfully good weather."

War brought the Old School Tie nonsense to a sudden stop.

When Charlie Gardner bought an old crock of a car, stowed a portable microphone and amplifier in it and toured the danger zones of the Maginot Line with the Advanced Air Striking Force, people began to realise that it took guts, as well as a polished accent, to be a B.B.C. commentator.

When Gardner and E. L. Lycett, the engineer who had supervised the dangerous job in France, took a microphone to "Hell Fire Corner," near Dover, to broadcast a "blitz" in progress, the public was delighted.

These B.B.C. lads were really not pale-pink prigs.

This feeling was confirmed when Michael Standing and Robin Duff drove through the streets of various "blitzed" cities during raids, broadcasting as bombs dropped.

Robin Duff took over when Charlie Gardner joined the R.A.F.

His name is well known, and he is a brave lad.

Not so well known, but equally intrepid in facing most forms of war danger to get these broadcasts, are Arthur Phillips and Leonard Lewis.

They were with Charlie Gardner in France, and have been responsible for most of the engineering work that has resulted in all these broadcasts being flawless despite the "blitz."

A great fuss was made about Gardner's broadcast of the "Battle of Dover."

Robin Duff was sent to the same spot later on to get some sound-effect records of "A.A." gunfire, and nearly lost his life on the job.

Duff and Lewis had their microphones turned skywards to record the roar of diving aircraft.

They watched four Hurricanes swooping towards them.

Suddenly Duff said, "Hell, they're not Hurricanes at all!"

Four Messerschmitt fighters, sounding not unlike Merlin-engined Hurricanes, had come down to do a bit of barrage-balloon potting, taking in anything else that happened to be within range.

Duff ducked down behind the van, holding the mike to shield his head.

"When we played the record afterwards," said Duff, "the machine-gun bullets sounded unpleasantly close!"

Robin Duff is a big, broad, burly chap, not unlike his hearty, cheery voice.

Charlie Gardner is short, thick-set, with a crop of tousled jet-black hair.

When he was with the Advanced Air Striking Force, Gardner broadcast the war as it was being fought. He was in air raids long before the "blitz" came to Britain.

In his old crock of a car, nicknamed "Harold," he toured the battle areas, using the top floor of a house, once the property of a French General, as his headquarters.

They stuck red-lettered cards, "B.B.C. Studio" and "Silence—B.B.C. on the Air," on the doors, and by brilliant co-operation with local P.T.T. (French G.P.O.) engineers, managed to get land-lines from the heart of the Maginot Line to London.

LARRY LE SEUR, an American quick-fire commentator, made use of Charlie Gardner's equipment.

Through the B.B.C. apparatus Le Seur managed to send direct to the United States an eye-witness account from the battlefront.

Many people, concerned about the evil effect of Nazi "Haw-Haw" broadcasts, think that the B.B.C. has done nothing to kindle sympathy in America.

Well, we have done everything to help capable commentators like Le Seur and Jepson to tell the story as they see it, in their own words.

And several of Robin Duff's broadcasts have been sent to the States.

Robin Duff (with "mike") and A. R. Phillips describing for overseas listeners a "dog-fight" over the cliffs of Dover. Duff nearly lost his life when machine-gunned by a diving Nazi

That's better than all the propaganda.

Few of Gardner's broadcasts were ever direct.

They were usually put "on the wax" first of all. This was necessary, because you couldn't always be sure that a "blitz" would begin in time for the Postscript to the nine o'clock news!

Gardner would often crawl on his stomach in the mud all afternoon, carrying a mike along the danger-line, to get a recorded version of an Attack.

Sometimes the records were flown to London; more usually they were broadcast from the French General's house.

Arthur Phillips and E. L. Lycett planned a portable broadcaster for "Harold," with an aerial atop the car, as an emergency station, if the B.B.C. "H.Q." should be shelled.

DUFF stayed on at Dover, even though he had nearly lost his life.

"Officialdom" had hinted that a big convoy was coming through the Straits, and as Coastal Command (reconnaissance aircraft) had shown the Jerries were mounting big naval guns opposite Dover, it was a level bet the convoy would be shelled.

Duff volunteered to broadcast the shelling.

The B.B.C. outside-broadcast people said he ought to have a rest.

Duff pleaded, entreated, and in the end was commissioned to do the job.

Nobody knew exactly what time the convoy would come through, or what time the *Reichswehr* would open fire.

So there was no chance of making a direct broadcast.

It would have to be a record, and the record itself would have to be rushed to London.

At zero-hour everything looked all set for a fine "show."

The *Luftwaffe* had sent over a gun-spotter to radio instructions to the coastal battery.

When the shelling started Robin Duff was flown over the Channel to pick up the roar of 14-inch shells exploding at sea-level.

One shell burst nearly put his gear out of action.

But the pilot managed to get them back safely, the master-wax was stowed on the train and rushed by B.B.C. van from Victoria to Broadcasting House. The record went on the 9 p.m. news, and Duff and his colleagues heard it on a portable set as they sat in a restaurant, enjoying the first meal they'd had since dawn.

Hardly had the first words of the commentary come over the air than all the plates in the restaurant were set a-jingling. Nazis had begun shelling Dover itself!

As the first shells screamed overhead Duff and the engineers raced for their car.

Within ten minutes there was a new bombardment, and the B.B.C. crew could see it all happening from the top of the cliffs.

It went on with hardly a pause until at about 1.30 in the morning, when Duff was trying to broadcast a commentary by the light of the car headlamp. They were rushing to finish the job by 4 a.m. to catch the first train to London, but an air raid prevented that record ever getting on the air!

Duff was in London during the first days of the "blitz," and did a broadcast at the big oil fire at Thames-side.

On one occasion the B.B.C. "blitz" squad, sent out to record an air raid, pulled off their coats and began putting out fires and digging in debris.

On the first night of the concentrated "A.A." barrage Duff and two others went out to broadcast the gun-roar. But after only ten minutes of that they became so engrossed in their task that they were clambering over roof-tops, salvaging furniture from burning offices.

These B.B.C. "blitz" recorders have no thought for their personal safety. Like good reporters, they go out to get a "story," and when that job is done they lend a hand with the A.F.S. or the wardens.

An A.F.S. man bet a B.B.C. commentator he wouldn't dare climb one of the Fire Brigade's dizzy turntable ladders, nearly 100 feet high.

"Done," said the B.B.C. man. "And I'll take a microphone with me."

You could hear his voice becoming a little quavery as he neared the top of the swaying ladder—but that broadcast went over in nine o'clock news, and the A.F.S. man lost his bet!

THE B.B.C.'s No. 1 war commentator is "E. H. H. Ward," ex-announcer who has been giving brilliant broadcasts from the Middle East.

Before that he risked his life in Finland to get a B.B.C. broadcast of the war.

Many listeners recognised the voice of this former announcer, in giving the war despatches.

Few know that he is the Hon. Edward Henry Harold Ward, only son of Viscount Bangor, Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland. Apart from that distinction he is the only B.B.C. commentator who can speak Chinese.

Son of a Viscount, Harrow-educated, he set out with the idea of carving a career for himself.

Slim, dark, adventurous, softly spoken, he was snapped up by Reuters, after a brief experience with a shipping company, and was sent out on a news job to China.

For three years he wandered around Shanghai and Northern China—and married a woman journalist. Although Irish, he began to feel homesick for England!

That's when his wife persuaded him to apply to the B.B.C. for an announcer's job.

Within a month he'd got the job.

ITALY'S FALL: THE TRUTH

★ Behind the rise and fall of the Fascist regime there is a story of political graft, chicanery, jobbery and greed that will go down into history with the black record of the notorious Medici family. It is another instance of gangsters falling out among themselves over their spoils.

By VIVIAN MEIK

PRIMARY cause of Italian collapse has been attributed to inadequate leadership. Yet throughout the centuries Italy has produced men of outstanding political and military genius.

To-day her population is about 50,000,000, and Balbo and Badoglio, to mention only two, had a world-wide reputation.

Yet in the hour of their country's need, the first died mysteriously; the second was retired ignominiously.

Many others have vanished from the scene.

Victim of Gangster Rule

Not a few are living from hand-to-mouth in exile, all brilliant and honest men forced to stand aside when their homeland was delivered to the Huns.

Meantime, Italy is the victim of gangster rule.

There is graft everywhere.

As one Italian disaster follows another, new light is thrown on the story of the tragedy.

It exposes pitilessly the satellites and sycophants who made vast private fortunes in the betrayal of their country.

"We could not win because our equipment was so inferior," said the Italian commander, an officer of the regular army, when he surrendered Bardia after the desertion of the political Blackshirt General ("Electric Whiskers") Bergonzoli.

"There were thieves at home."

Everything in Italy to-day, behind its facade of glitter, its boasts and ballyhoo, is inferior.

Because of this it has not been able to stand against Britain; it cannot against the Nazis.

Italy's Navy has been proved to be "all on the outside." Shot and shell showed the inadequacy of armour protection, of inferior gunnery and training, of inferior ammunition.

Yet, according to naval estimates, the country has paid out enough during the last few years to buy tip-top efficiency, superlative quality.

More than half the money allocated by the nation has gone into the pockets of the racketeers.

They have even disposed of most of the oil fuel reserves of the Italian Navy.

Under Fascist laws even the smallest contracts could only be signed by party officers.

The exposure of naval weaknesses is duplicated everywhere, in the Air Force, the Army, Civil Service and Public Utilities.

An Empty Bluster

That is why the grandiose threat of the power of the Duce's 8,000,000 bayonets proved empty bluster.

After the first Italian mobilisation, a third of the army had to be sent home again. Officials said they were required to help with the harvest.

But there were neither boots nor clothes, food nor transport for these men.

The despair that broke the morale of the remainder in Libya and East Africa and in Albania was caused by the sub-standard equipment.

Yet booty taken by Wavell's forces illustrates the "Arabian Nights" prodigality of the supplies of the Blackshirt divisions, political Fascist soldiers.

The Fascists had everything.

Most cursed name in Italy to-day is that of Armament King Ansaldo, Ciano's intimate friend and co-newspaper owner and editor, head (with the Cianos) of a chain of munition factories.

What Ansaldo and his associates did with the contracts for army equipment will not be fully known for a long time, but already there is enough evidence to hang him, had he been in another country.

Inferior Tyres

Ansaldo signed the contracts for the tyres for the Italian armies overseas.

His friend, Fascist Party Secretary Farinacci, controlled the manufacture of these tyres, supplying cheap high-pressure "straight sides" instead of the good quality low-pressure "balloons" needed in the desert.

All Fascist party chiefs had inspected the African mechanised forces; all knew what was needed and what was actually being supplied, yet all banked on Mussolini keeping them out of war.

Meantime, the difference between the Budget payments during the last few years and the delivery costs of these tyres is now estimated at £7,000,000.

When Italy entered the war she was short of 2,000 aero engines, for which payments had been made. And they were described on the books as having been delivered. In the Regia Aeronautica there is only one type of machine that can be considered up-to-date.

Somewhere between the Treasury paymaster and the débris outside Benghazi at least £20,000,000 has disappeared into private Fascist accounts.

Balbo saw what had happened.

First he was exiled to Libya, and cut off from the inner councils of the party racketeers.

When war broke out he was the only man who could have carried the country with him in forcing the gangsters out of office.

He died conveniently.

With him in the crash were his confidential secretaries.

Badoglio and the others who advised against war because they knew what would happen were overridden. They thought a cheap victory without a fight was assured. When this did not happen, Badoglio was quickly placed in a position from which he cannot talk.

More than 50,000 such bosses—one in a thousand of the population—hold offices of some sort. They range from small-town mayors to Ansaldo, Farinacci, Starace and other "big shots."

Virtually, every one has pillaged the national till.

Embezzlement of public funds, bribery and other forms of corruption were regarded as rightful perquisites, according to their individual influence, and their ability to fake accounts.

The graft that flourished most intensively (service profiteering was the strict preserve of the favoured "four hundred") was connected with land schemes, the building of roads and hospitals, and hydro-electric installations.

And the People Paid

One group would receive a concession to develop arid tracts of countryside, another would furnish a scheme to irrigate it, a third would be given a capitation grant to settle peasants.

Then Mussolini would come down to cut the first sod.

His photograph would be taken as, stripped to the waist, he inaugurated "the new prosperity."

Amid a blaze of publicity, Mussolini lays a foundation stone for another "public utilities" scheme arranged by the gangsters of Rome. When the fanfare dies, disillusionment follows.

Boost, blare and ballyhoo did the rest.

A little later the water would cease to flow. Machinery was insufficient and inefficient.

But additional compulsory contributions towards national welfare remained.

Sometimes hard-driven, leaderless peasants would reach a state of desperation.

Mutiny and murder were in the air. But it never took the grafters long to find scapegoats.

Exit the Scapegoats

There was a recent example in Regio Calabria, where British "paratroops" have been active, and in Sicily.

Mussolini was told the names of the "traitors" "discovered" by the Fascist chiefs.

The victims disappeared to the penal settlements in the Lipari Islands, and they will never be seen again.

Fascist propaganda then extolled "our just and infallible Duce," whose eagle eye nothing escapes.

Another notorious form of graft forces towns to pay for the privilege of a Fascist "week."

When 160,000 men were "borrowed" from neighbouring districts for the Florence Fascist Week, they were given their fares, 1s. 6d. a day pocket money, and their keep for five days. The actual bill paid by the Town Council was for 400,000 men.

The councillors, all good party men, decided that the expenses were equivalent to a 4d. rate for two years.

More than £400,000,000 has been lost to the country in this way during the last ten years.

Another speciality is the notorious Fascist "credit note," issued by party leaders whenever they travel.

These notes cover personal requisitions for themselves and suites, car hire, hotel accommodation, boxes at the opera, banquets, and all that goes with these pleasures.

No estimate is available of the total value of these notes (they have been used for the last eight years), but they have never been redeemed.

It is as much as the liberty of any "unpatriotic" citizen is worth to insist on repayment.

More cunning racketeers have transferred large sums abroad.

Their fortunes are in jewels, dollar and sterling securities and art treasures.

All have landed property at home.

They rival, if they do not exceed, the riches of Nazi leaders.

But the end is in sight.

Mussolini and his thieves are working against one another.

It cannot be long now before the Italian people awaken.

Have you a problem that worries you? If so, get it off your mind by writing to "John Bull's" Free Advice Service at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Our expert staff will help you on any point raised. Send your enquiry with a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will do the rest.

PROFITS BAN DEFIED

Somewhere in this crowd of would-be shoppers there should be a Price Committee Inspector, a man well able to see that the public does not suffer at the hands of avaricious profiteers. It's the only way to stop prices soaring

PROFITEERS in every town in the country are contemptuously ignoring official efforts to control prices.

Their haughty disregard for the authority of local Price Regulation Committees has proved those sorely handicapped officials to be no more than figureheads: empty symbols of a safeguard that doesn't exist.

Unless these Committees are given the power to see that their orders are fulfilled they will remain as useless as a refrigerator at the North Pole

You have only to glance in shop windows to see that profiteers are flourishing, yet there were only thirty prosecutions last year under the Prices of Goods Act: twenty-two convictions. The majority of fines ranged between 5s. and £5.

To a profiteer they meant no more than a small tax on his audacity.

If profiteers are to be checked, local Price Committees must set to work themselves to prevent shopkeepers pushing up prices, and to prosecute those who ignore their orders.

They must have inspectors equipped with full powers. Local authorities must realise that Price Committees are serving a vital interest in the nation's war effort. They must be prepared to assist them in that work.

Meantime, the Central Price Committee must institute an investigation of prices—other than foodstuffs, which are the sole responsibility of the Ministry of Food—instead of waiting for complaints to filter through from angry housewives.

They should protect women who are now being overcharged; not spend their time arguing that so much was not too much to pay for this and that.

We should be assured that the Committee is working for the benefit of the shopper, not the tradesman.

A HOUSEWIFE will grumble, but it is doubtful whether she has the time to go to the local post-office to discover the address of the local committee, and then waste—I use the word waste with malice aforethought—money on stamps when she knows well that the shopkeeper is always right in such circumstances.

It is even more doubtful whether she knows that there is such an institution as the Price Committee. For these organisations have been extraordinarily modest!

That is why you still have to pay 8d. for a battery with a fixed price of 5d.; nobody has the time to spend on putting a stop to such trifling profiteering.

Yet, by the end of the day, any shopkeeper would be glad of all these extra threepenny-pieces. Profiteering has become a fine art.

The Purchase Tax is blamed for exceptionally high prices in some instances.

Shortage of raw material is another popular alibi.

Black-out materials, fibre shell helmets, first aid outfits, essential medical supplies, air-raid shelter bunks—made for 10s., sold for 50s.—office furniture, silk stockings, coal shovels, pails, clothes, blankets, linen, knitting needles and vacuum flasks are all among the items on which traders are unscrupulously making fabulous profits, according to my investigations.

When a JOHN BULL man told a shopkeeper that he was charging 7s. 6d. for a vacuum flask that had a fixed price of 3s. 6d., the trader merely retorted that there was such a shortage he could ask any price he liked.

SIR DOUGLAS McCRAITH, chairman of the North Midland Price Regulation Committee, recently said:

"Many retailers are giving abundant evidence that a substantial number of leading manufacturers and wholesalers are insisting that retailers shall sell certain goods at fixed prices, although these prices exceed those permitted by the Prices of Goods Act.

"This condition is accompanied with the implied threat that unless the retailer complies he will receive no further supplies."

Trade authorities conservatively estimate that £1,000,000 additional profit was made by shopkeepers who withdrew their stocks until the imposition of the Purchase Tax.

Shop assistants will tell you how they were ordered to carry goods that were actually on view to a warehouse, where they remained until their employer could safely mark up the price as much as 50 per cent.

Penny razor blades are now 1½d.!

Because most persons don't realise that the Purchase Tax, usually about 33 per cent., is imposed only on the wholesale price, shopkeepers are making a pretty penny by adding it to the retail price.

Everybody agrees that the Purchase Tax has been a sad blunder, but there is no reason why the Central Price Committee should allow it to go on being a substantial excuse for the profiteers.

Pity these Price Committees aren't more interested in their jobs!

Telegraphic Address: CHAOS

EAGER to have authorisation for completing a war contract, the London agent of a Scots firm spent two days trying to speak to his managing director in Edinburgh.

Receiving no encouragement from Post Office telephone operators, he despatched a clerk by night train to the North.

Five minutes' talk on the 'phone would have clinched the deal.

With many complaints like this before them it is small wonder indignant M.P.s decided, after making exhaustive enquiries, to demand drastic changes in all branches of the Post Office.

Enquiries revealed that the war machine was retarded in many provincial towns through the slowness with which telephone calls and letters were being handled.

They heard complaints from thousands of telephone subscribers in all parts of the country.

* * * *

I could increase this weight of criticism a hundredfold by adding those protests I receive each day.

They cover everything from telegrams that take twenty-two hours to cover twenty-two miles, to parcels that have been delivered at wrong addresses after delays of more than a fortnight.

Post Office clerks and telephone operators were always wont to be criticised for their uncivil service.

But at least they were moderately efficient before the war.

Now, nothing seems to go right with them.

Everybody can tell you a fantastic story of Post Office slackness.

One man, finding his own telephone out of order, tried ten local call-boxes before going to a post-office to ask where there was an efficient telephone.

The clerks didn't know.

A woman travelled six miles to pay her account, only to be told she couldn't receive attention because the clerk responsible for such business was in the air-raid shelter.

* * * *

It was understandable that there should be some dislocation when the Nazi air raids were at their worst.

But the *Luftwaffe* cannot be blamed for everything.

Cables have remained unrepaired for five and six weeks in busy marts of trade.

Silly to say there were no engineers available to do repairs.

Post Office servants even write to complain that they spend their nights on duty with much too much time on their hands.

Night telephone operators confess that they have little to do but watch Post Office recruits learning to make simple repairs.

If we are ever again to pick up the telephone receiver with confidence, to post a letter in all good faith, the Post Office should shake the dust out of its hair.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's Public Benefactor guinea goes to Mrs. E. Alexander, Leighton Close, Stag Lane, Edgware, Middlesex, for information she supplied.

Write to me about anything needing investigation, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Choked By Red Tape

COMPLAINTS that small traders, bombed-out in the first days of the "blitz," have been forced out of business completely by the dilatoriness of officials appointed to compensate them have at last had some effect.

Bombed-out traders will be offered immediate financial assistance in future, pending payment of their claims, and those who have not yet received any help will be asked whether they desire instant advances.

But this is not enough.

While this "concession" is necessitating an increase of staff at the Board of Trade, apologists are pointing out that some claims, made for damage done in December raids, have already been paid.

I have evidence that compensation claimed in October has not yet been paid.

No Reply

I could quote the experience of a farmer whose claim for damage to his stock in September has not even been acknowledged.

Whitehall officials don't seem to realise that delay in paying compensation has meant financial ruin for thousands of small tradesmen whose businesses suffered in the first "blitz."

They don't realise that such men can't set up shop again on credit.

They don't realise that to men whose stock-in-trade was scattered to the four winds on a dark night five months ago a promise that assistance is imminent is no more use than a headache.

Actually they paid premiums on policies designed to cover their losses. Such policies would have lapsed had they been as dilatory in paying the premiums as the Board of Trade is in sanctioning payment of compensation.

Sitting On Reports

First official excuse for delay was shortage of assessors.

Eventually the Board of Trade persuaded the War Office to release assessors who were serving with the Forces It was hoped that such reinforcements would put an end to delay.

But such optimism was not justified.

Claims that would be met by most insurance companies in a few weeks hang around for as many months.

In only rare instances have claims made by farmers, shopkeepers, City firms and dockland merchants been met within four months.

Unless the Government intends bombed-out traders to go out of business completely, some effort should be made to put them on their feet again.

GERMANY FRANKLY ADMIRES THE WONDERFUL WORK OF OUR WOMEN

8,000,000 Hard At It

MR. BEVIN announces that half a million women are wanted for work in war factories.

Does this mean that British women have been slow to join the onslaught against Hitlerism?

Have they been outdone by the females of the German species?

On the contrary. The astonishing truth is that **EIGHT MILLION** women in Britain are already on war work.

Women in overalls and masks, climbing in and out of pits, paint-sprays in hand, giving the final coatings to tanks, lorries and aircraft.

Women driving tractors and farm carts.

Women in white coats examining alloys through microscopes.

Women in khaki, Air Force blue and navy blue uniforms at the steering wheels of lorries, and at cookhouse fires.

Women on buses; women, brush in hand, cleaning railway coaches; and hundreds of thousands of girls in the Civil Services.

Working the New Departments

Working in old castles, or housed in hotels and institutes, hundreds of thousands of typists, telephonists and clerks, formerly engaged in commerce, are now working for the new Government Departments made necessary by war.

For those who prefer the attractions of uniform, there is plenty of choice.

Forty thousand A.T.S. girls are earning high praise from the military.

Nightly convoys, driven by them, travel the roads from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Civilian drivers found driving in the black-out on icy roads much too exhausting. Yet A.T.S. girls drove vehicles that had neither sidescreens nor windscreens

And there are military depots where the A.T.S. drivers have carried on without a break during the worst winter weather.

They do "running" repairs and can drive anything from a 15-cwt. van to a 10-ton lorry.

Girls arriving recently at a camp with a 200-lorry convoy reported an uneventful journey "except for a little machine-gunning."

When the officer commanding made enquiries, he found that the convoy had been attacked by Nazi dive-bombers.

The girls had merely put on their steel helmets, stepped harder on the accelerators and driven on.

"Spotters" are Cooks

A.T.S. girls, acting as "spotters" for A.A. gunners, also cook for them.

They have even fried bacon for tired gun crews in the road when the cookhouse has been demolished by bombs.

More than 12,000 women "Wrens" are releasing men for active service at sea, by serving as writers, teleprinter operators, telephonists, radio operators, cooks, motor drivers, stewards and messengers.

If these jobs appear humdrum, there's nothing humdrum in the way the "Wrens" respond to the traditions of the Senior Service.

Two who were recently decorated for bravery are proof enough of that.

One of them, Nina Marsh, persisted in seeing all other casualties received attention before she allowed rescuers to take her to hospital.

This "Wren" dispatch rider is symbolic of the enthusiasm, cool efficiency and fine determination of Britain's women in uniform

After seeing her colleagues to safety in a vicious bombing attack, I. Marriot returned to her ship to douse fires.

She was wounded in doing so.

Every "Wren" is so much a part of her ship's company that she usually wears the name of her ship (generally a shore establishment) on her cap.

Mr. Winston Churchill raised his hat to the "Wrens" in much-bombarded Dover.

They deserved the compliment.

Twenty thousand more girls have the opportunity to share it.

A year ago there were 11,500 women in the W.A.A.F.

Since then there has been a rush of recruits to this branch of the Services, no doubt stimulated by admiration for Britain's courageous airmen.

Every girl in Air Force blue is proud to be of service as driver, clerk, canteen assistant, cook or telephonist to the men who fly bombers and fighters.

This Service, too, possesses a large number of decorations for bravery.

One of the attractions about civilian transport is the smart uniform that scorns the coy and trailing garments of the 1914 "conductorette."

The London Passenger Transport Board, already employing 3,000 women conductors, is clamouring for more.

The job is hard but interesting.

Many men cannot stand the strain of continual journeys to the top deck, but conductorettes are always cheerful, whether in their 'buses late at night during the raids or serving in the more congenial coaches that undertake long runs in the country.

Outside London, girls are even driving 'buses.

Although driving an ambulance in the "blitz" is more dangerous, nearly 1,250,000 women are doing voluntary service with A.R.P. first aid units.

They have suffered many casualties.

Women A.R.P. workers are to be found wherever there is danger, serving firemen with cups of tea while they are fighting big fires, providing sandwiches and shelter for the homeless, acting as motor-cycle messengers between A.R.P. depots, and working in hospitals.

Hundreds of thousands of devoted women have spent at least one night a week away from home at an A.R.P. centre since the war began.

Vanguard of the Land

And then there are the women in green jerseys and khaki breeches working on the land.

Though ten thousand of them are busy in dairies and farms, they are only the vanguard of the women's Land Army that must be recruited.

Meantime, women are working as porters and carriage cleaners on the railways. They ferry aircraft from factories to aerodromes.

Eight hundred thousand members of the Women's Voluntary Service (under the Dowager Marchioness of Reading) are serving devotedly in hospitals and canteens, acting as evacuation officers, doing their best in shelters for the homeless and in fire-fighting organisations.

Hundreds of thousands of Lancashire mill hands are making cotton for explosives, compressed cotton and plastic aeroplane parts, bailing-out dinghies, heated flying-suits, camouflage covering for tanks, barrage balloons, uniforms, and the hundred and one other things for which cotton, most flexible of war materials, is used.

When seamstresses, usherettes, domestic servants, waitresses and other girls, now training in numerous centres throughout the land for lathe and bench work, complete their studies, there will be 3,000,000 women in British munition factories.

Britain's women are a first-class military asset.

Their zeal will play a big part in the defeat of Hitler.

Sent Home: Now They Stay There!

HITLER is disappointed with the women of Germany.

He rants enviously when he sees photographs of British women in uniform.

He published some of these pictures in his own newspaper, *Voelkischer Beobachter*, for every German woman to see.

A few German girls took the hint, but the others knew that Hitler's powers of coercion were limited.

And they continue to do as little as need be for Hitler's war.

Yet women were recruited for service in Germany long before the outbreak of war.

Girls were attached to the battalions of the giant Labour Corps, attending, for instance, the men who built the Siegfried Line.

* * *

When small units of Nazi girls were attached to every "S.A." "S.S." and Labour Camp, Hitler had to introduce compulsory service for girls between eighteen and twenty-five.

Even so this scheme failed.

German girls invented a thousand subterfuges to escape conscription.

They hurriedly married party officials, who asked that their wives should not be sent away.

Married women obeyed Hitler's earlier order about bringing as many children into the world as possible. This exempted them from service.

Only the lower types of German girl went gladly into uniform.

These "S.A." girls accompanied the "political soldiers" who followed the German army into Poland.

While the men were engaged in reconstruction work they idled the days away, enjoying themselves as best as they could.

In the afternoon dances were arranged for them—in unhappy Poland's churches.

Even strictly controlled Nazi newspapers commented on their wanton behaviour.

German women are afraid of French girls.

They fear that the armies of occupation may succumb to the charms of their "hostesses."

German women accept work as 'bus conductors, as school-teachers, as clerks, but not even the inducement of higher wages will lure them into the factories under the slave labour conditions imposed by the Nazis.

* * *

Not even Hitler's most faithful followers have forgotten how he ordered German women to retire to their homes to fulfil their duty as wives and mothers.

They resented it at the time.

Some of them even protested against a doctrine that robbed them of their independence

More independent and less cowed than German men, German women are not slow to remind Hitler of his decree.

Hess has been ordered to repeat at least once a month that Germany depends on the German woman to maintain the spirit of the home front.

But he has not been able to persuade them to do something they do not want to do, and keep them in high spirits at the same time.

Despite special kindergarten for children of women who go to work, despite communal kitchens designed to save them trouble, German women stay at home.

MARCH 1, 194

WORDS the WORLD AWA

By A. G. GARDINER

MR. BELLOC, that profound student of war, made a remark to me the other day which set me thinking. It was to this effect: That this war differs from any previous war, even from the last war, in respect of the decisive part which public opinion is destined to play in it.

"Why has Italy collapsed so ingloriously?" he asked. "It is not because the Italians are cowards. They are not. It is because their hearts are not in it.

"They have been manœuvred into a war which they did not want, and in support of a power which they loathe and fear. And when it came to the test their lack of faith and fervour was fatal."

Hitherto, even in 1914-18, all wars have been confined to organised armies in the field and navies at sea.

HITLER HAS CHANGED ALL THAT. THROUGH MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE AIR, HE HAS MADE WAR LAWLESS AND UNIVERSAL—IN HIS OWN UGLY WORD, "TOTALITARIAN."

It is directed against the civilisation of whole communities, first by conspiracy and treachery, then by the indiscriminate destruction of defenceless cities, the slaughter of unarmed populations.

That is why this is a People's war in a sense that no war has been before. That is why the public opinion of the world will be so decisive a factor in the issue.

In the mobilising of that public opinion we have one great asset. We have an unrivalled voice.

THE SPEECHES OF MR. CHURCHILL ARE WORTH ARMY CORPS AND BATTLESHIPS TO US.

His words have the quality of deeds. They reverberate round the world like the sound of a trumpet, and wherever they are heard, from the plains of America to the plains of India or the bush of Australia, they stir men's hearts and nerve men's will.

On this plane of the war—the plane where the public opinion of the world is being shaped—we are winning and shall win.

We are winning the more resistlessly because the voice of the enemy has failed.

There was a time when the maniacal oratory of Hitler roused a certain sense of fear, and when even the bombast of Mussolini meant something.

THAT TIME HAS GONE. THE WORLD HAS TAKEN THE MEASURE OF THESE BLACKGUARDS.

To-day the bluster of Mussolini is a matter for laughter, and the screams of Hitler do not stir the pulse. They have become as barren as an ancient tune played on a hurdy-gurdy.

Two voices alone hold the ear of the world. First, pre-eminently, Mr. Churchill's. Next, President Roosevelt's. And those two voices, declaiming in perfect harmony, are shaping the public opinion of the world.

It is this fact which brings me to the point I have in mind. Apart from his incidental utterances, Mr. Churchill has made two broadcasts to the Empire and to the world at large. To praise them would be, not merely superfluous, but impertinent.

I SAID LONG AGO, IN THE DAYS OF "APPEASEMENT," THAT HIS SPEECHES, THUNDERED INTO THE DEAF EARS OF A SLUMBERING GOVERNMENT, WOULD BE AS IMMORTAL AS THOSE OF DEMOSTHENES.

He has been more fortunate than Demosthenes, who perished in despair at the failure of his own warnings. He has mercifully lived to see the world awakened and to become the spear-head of its deliverance.

To-day he speaks with the authority of the prophet who has been justified by events.

He speaks also with the weight of a mighty and united Empire at his back and with the hopes of the whole civilised world centred in him.

He has made two speeches to that world. In making them he has changed the whole landscape and spirit of the war.

But—and this is the point—there is a third speech that is due to be spoken.

AND THE PURPOSE HERE IS TO APPEAL TO HIM TO MAKE IT SOON. THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR IT. AND IT IS WAITING FOR IT FROM HIM ALONE.

Let me say at once that I have no sympathy with much of the clamour for a declaration of precise war aims. It proceeds often from quarters I distrust and from motives that are not infrequently mischievous.

If the fate of this nation were alone involved I have sufficient faith in its political wisdom and sense of justice to wait till victory is in sight before specifying what use we should make of it.

But this nation is not alone involved. The whole world is involved.

WE are not a boastful people, and we are apt to leave our good faith and disinterestedness to be taken for granted.

For years the atmosphere of the world has been poisoned against us by the most impudent propaganda of hate and lies in history. We know from the slow movement of events in America how much mischief that propaganda has done even in a relatively well-informed country.

That miasma must be swept away. It is, I think, dispersing, and the poison-factory of Goebbels is losing its potency.

It is because of this that Hitler has invented his latest stunt in a desperate effort to recapture the public opinion of the outside world.

Just as he used "Peace," "Encirclement," "Living Space," and similar slogans to hoodwink world opinion in the earlier phases of his conspiracy, so now he proclaims a "New Order" in Europe.

What that "New Order" aims at we know from his own lips and his own infamous actions, in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Rumania—everywhere.

It aims at the enslavement of the whole Continent, under the heel of the Gestapo. It aims, not only at German hegemony of Europe, but at a German overlordship of the world.

In his "New Order" all the values of Christian civilisation—truth, justice, religion, piety, good will, racial equality—are to be replaced by the gospel of brute force and racial supremacy.

THE peace "which so many bedazed pacifists of to-day hope to get by their begging and whimpering and whining" is to be "founded by the victorious sword of a master people" ("Mein Kampf").

"Humane and pacifist ideas may perhaps be quite good when the man of highest value has so completely conquered and subjected the world that he is sole lord of the earth. Therefore, first battle, and then, possibly, pacifism" ("Mein Kampf"). And so on....

That is the spirit of Hitler's "New Order." Against this nightmare, which suggests the padded cell and the strait-waistcoat of Bedlam, it is time that the inspiration of another vision was offered to the world as the goal of its travail.

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WHY HAS BRITISH PROPAGANDA FAILED?

● The Ministry of Information was founded on the wrong lines.

Although the different men put in charge of it since have each done their best, one after the other, no proper system has yet been evolved by anybody.

Take American propaganda.

A few months before the war a highly trained journalist came from New York, after years of experience of journalism on both sides of the Atlantic, and offered his services freely.

He was turned down.

Another friend of mine, returning from a tour of the States, told the Government he had arranged, in Chicago, a panel of six high-powered American publicists, including the two most important journalists in the city, who would serve the British cause for nothing, and that in many other American cities the same system could be worked out.

That idea, too, was rejected.

Anti-Nazis who came here from Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the conquered countries offered their expert services. Instead, they were interned.

Propaganda must be taken entirely out of the hands of the unemployed diplomats who are still hanging on to jobs about which they know little or nothing.

* * *

SHOULD WOMEN AND CHILDREN BE GIVEN SAFE CONDUCT?

● Mussolini wants a safe passage for the Italian women and children in Abyssinia through the British lines.

Some people fear that this may hamper the British Army's progress.

"War is war," they say.

Actually, the women and children are much better out of the way. Soldiers attack a town with greater intensity if they know that only men are there.

Besides, as we are supposed to be engaged in fighting for "Christian principles," we must conduct the war, never mind what the enemy may do, with all the humanity that is possible.

We shall not beat the Germans by sinking to their level.

We didn't do it in the last war.

And we must not do it this time.

* * *

WHY KEEP HARKING BACK TO NAPOLEON?

● Writers and speakers often compare Hitler with Napoleon, yet Bonaparte was a great soldier. He was a law-giver, whose Code Napoleon survived until the Germans entered Paris.

His dream was a federation of European States, and, although it is true that he carried war right across the Continent to bring this about, his name has not come down in history as that of a blackguard. It was used only to scare children.

On the other hand, Hitler, being a demagogue, was the mouthpiece of a gang of scoundrels, who used him as a figurehead, and still do so.

He is not a soldier. He is not a sailor.

Although it is part of the Nazi plan to make us regard him as a superman, he is in no sense a constructive genius.

Sir Neville Henderson disclosed that he does little more to-day than approve plans put before him for his signature.

Without the use of the concentration camp, the torture chamber and the

MARCH 1, 1941

...ORLD AWAITS

. GARDINER

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It is a vision that will not prescribe the specification of peace in detail, but will lay down the principles of peace.

Those principles will not be founded on vengeance, but on stern and inflexible justice.

They will aim at organising the world for peace so effectively that the mad dogs of war will never break loose again.

They will restore to the ravished nations their possessions and their liberties. They will validate again the outraged sanctities of international and civil life.

They will establish the reign of law in human society with such guarantees of collective force that gangsterism will never lift its head again.

THROUGH INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION THEY WILL REBUILD THE WRECKAGE OF THESE INSANE YEARS, RESTORE PROSPERITY TO THE DESOLATED PEOPLES, AND EMANCIPATE THE HUMAN SPIRIT FROM THE DREADFUL BONDS WHICH NAZISM HAS PUT UPON IT.

No one can proclaim this vision with so much authority and greatness of spirit as Mr. Churchill can.

In proclaiming it he would touch the imagination of mankind and rally to our standard the public opinion of the world whose verdict will spell the eternal damnation of Hitlerism.

That Mr. Churchill will make that proclamation I am sure. I hope that he will make it without delay.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: "In making two speeches, he has changed the whole landscape and spirit of the war . . . BUT there is a third speech due to be spoken."

Swaffer Lifts the Lid . . .

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That idea, too, was rejected.

Anti-Nazis who came here from Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the conquered countries offered their expert services. Instead, they were interned.

Propaganda must be taken entirely out of the hands of the unemployed diplomats who are still hanging on to jobs about which they know little or nothing.

* * *

SHOULD WOMEN AND CHILDREN BE GIVEN SAFE CONDUCT?

● Mussolini wants a safe passage for the Italian women and children in Abyssinia through the British lines.

Some people fear that this may hamper the British Army's progress.

"War is war," they say.

Actually, the women and children are much better out of the way. Soldiers attack a town with greater intensity if they know that only men are there.

Besides, as we are supposed to be engaged in fighting for "Christian principles," we must conduct the war, never mind what the enemy may do, with all the humanity that is possible.

We shall not beat the Germans by sinking to their level.

We didn't do it in the last war.

And we must not do it this time.

* * *

WHY KEEP HARKING BACK TO NAPOLEON?

● Writers and speakers often compare Hitler with Napoleon, yet Bonaparte was a great soldier. He was a law-giver, whose Code Napoleon survived until the Germans entered Paris.

His dream was a federation of European States, and, although it is true that he carried war right across the Continent to bring this about, his name has not come down in history as that of a blackguard. It was used only to scare children.

On the other hand, Hitler, being a demagogue, was the mouthpiece of a gang of scoundrels who used him as a figurehead, and still do so.

He is not a soldier. He is not a sailor.

Although it is part of the Nazi plan to make us regard him as a superman, he is in no sense a constructive genius.

Sir Neville Henderson disclosed that he does little more to-day than approve plans put before him for his signature.

Without the use of the concentration camp, the torture chamber and the bludgeon, Hitler could not have survived a year.

Napoleon stood (an intellectual giant) far above his contemporaries.

Hitler's qualities are not those of the mind. They are based on an uncanny knowledge of what is worst in human nature.

Having that, he has been able to disintegrate his enemies, one by one, before he attacked them.

He has applied the methods of the Chicago gangsters.

Had Napoleon conquered our island he would not have reduced its inhabitants to slavery and subjection.

That, deliberately, is the Nazi plan.

* * *

ENGLAND OR BRITAIN?

● Although the new Ministry of Information film was called "The Heart of Britain" here, it was renamed "This is England" when shown in the States.

This will annoy all those Scotsmen who write in every time a newspaper uses "England" when, in their opinion, "Britain" should have been used.

Truth is that, in the United States, the word "England" is much more frequently used than "Britain."

So it is on the Continent.

That is why the German song of hate in the last war was called "Gott Strafe England."

The Germans use the word "Englander" in a derisive form, meaning Britons generally.

In the United States the War of the Revolution was considered one against England personally, and then, as separate American history starts with it, the word got fixed in the American consciousness.

Then, the earliest settlers went from England, not from Britain generally.

I know all this offends many Scotsmen, but I cannot help it.

Abroad, the King is generally called "The King of England," not "The King of Great Britain" or "The King of the United Kingdom."

Besides, what does it matter, anyway?

* * *

SHOULD STATE "MAGPIES" BE PUNISHED?

● Day after day we read of staff officers and Government officials who have carelessly left important documents in motor-cars from which, in some instances, they have been stolen.

They call these people "Magpies," but it is no joke.

The name of every guilty official should be published immediately. Some of them should be removed from their posts.

Extraordinary how private soldiers are ruthlessly punished for such trivial offences as overstaying their leave by a few hours when a train was late. "High-ups" get off with no more than private admonition.

Still, sometimes you would have to punish very high up!

In my youthful days the private secretary to the Commander-in-Chief—the man told me the story himself—left the complete plans for the modernisation of the Army in an Underground train.

He shivered all night. He was scared all the next morning. Then the finder walked in with them!

Even then, certain details of the plans leaked out. Someone had talked.

The blame lay among three men—a member of the Government, a most distinguished soldier, and my friend.

My friend was not the guilty one; but, being the least important of the three, he was suspect.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

The Cenotaph—and After

AS the 'bus passed the Cenotaph in Whitehall, I took off my hat. A man sitting beside me took no notice of the stone that commemorates the 1,089,919 men of the Empire who died for freedom.

I felt no bitterness towards the man who had not raised his hat.

I didn't know how *this* war had affected him, let alone the last one.

Perhaps his home had been blown to bits; perhaps his wife, his kiddies had been killed by a murder bomb; perhaps his son was languishing in a Nazi prison camp.

This is no time to sit in judgment on one's neighbours.

Life is hard enough without that.

But I thought with bitterness of those pals of mine who had gone smilingly to war and who did not return, whose graves to-day lie in soil that echoes to the tramping of German feet.

They went to their death thinking that they were doing a job of work. They believed that they were ensuring that their sons should not face the horrors which they faced.

* * *

They were betrayed. Short-sighted politicians, with almost criminal stupidity, allowed a brutal, vengeful Germany to re-arm.

They were betrayed all round.

The things for which they fought—enduring peace, freedom and justice—are in greater peril to-day than they were in the darkest days of 1914-18.

Their widows suffer under the Nazi bombs. What must they think of the folly of a world which let their men die in vain?

I thought, as the 'bus rumbled on, that history was full of the futility of man's courage and sacrifice.

For hundreds of years men have fought for ideals.

They have endured torture, have hungered and thirsted, have been burned at stakes.

Through the centuries the reformers, the philosophers, the leaders of religion have waged war against the baser side of man. They have battled against greed and lust, oppression and brutality.

And in the days of peace, as the nations pride themselves on their civilisations, their social reforms, their manifest virtues, it seems that man, after all, is a noble being.

And then Armageddon comes again and man is revealed as a destructive puppet in a world of hatred and misery.

Cities are bombed, little children blown to pieces, families torn apart.

* * *

That is the price we pay for the lust and insane greed of a nation which hoodwinked the world with lies and deception.

If the men of 1914-18 died in vain—as assuredly they did—the blame must be shouldered by the blundering and slumbering "statesmen" who let Hitler and his gang rise to power.

Their blinkers were stupidity and lack of vision.

One or two men who foresaw the present conflict raised warning voices.

They were voices crying in the wilderness.

A complacent world took no heed of the growing strength of a Germany planning for war.

These things, I thought, and more, as the 'bus swept round Trafalgar Square and into the Strand.

Are our sons and daughters to die again in vain? Will some future generation think bitterly at the sight of memorials of this war? Will the sacrifices of to-day be also futile?

Who knows?

For the enigma of man remains.

In him there is the power for good and the power for evil.

And on him alone rests the choice of the path he will follow.

THANKS TO BEECHAMS PILLS

constipation no longer worries me

My trouble was constipation—once rid of that, I felt all would be well. Beechams Pills have proved perfect. Naturally, gently, safely, this purely vegetable laxative has kept me regular and now my health is fine.

Start taking Beechams Pills to-day! They will banish constipation and rid you of digestive upsets, sick headaches, liverishness, overweight. Millions take Beechams Pills, knowing how effective and reliable they are.

Prices (*including Purchase Tax*) 1/5 and 3/5 per Box. Also available in Pennyworths.

Beechams Pills

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

VARNENE'S hard gloss gives floors lasting beauty

VARNENE is so easy to apply and dries to a hard, brilliant finish which will not readily chip or scratch.

Ask your dealer for

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

VJ/HBJ.

Repairs that are really renewals

A new lease of life for your shoes—that's what a Dri-ped repair means. Such a saving—Dri-ped is the leather that lasts twice as long. And it saves your health as well as your money — it's waterproof.

Insist on

DRI-PED Leather

for your next shoe repair

FOOD FACTS

Number 29

Potato Pete

POTATOES help to protect you from illness. Potatoes give you warmth and energy. Potatoes are cheap and home-produced. So why stop at serving them *once* a day? Have them twice, or even three times—for breakfast, dinner and supper.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Coffee Potato Scones

Sift 6 ozs. plain flour, 2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder and ½ teaspoonful salt in a basin. Mix thoroughly with 4 ozs. mashed potato. Rub in 2 ozs. fat with the tips of the fingers. Blend to a soft dough with ½ teacupful strong, milky, sweetened coffee. Roll out to ½ inch thickness on a floured board and cut into rounds. Glaze the tops with a little milk. Bake on greased baking sheets in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

Potato Drop Scones

Rub 2 ozs. mashed potato into 4 ozs. flour already salted with ¼ teaspoonful salt. Make into a stiff batter with ½ a beaten egg and 1 gill milk. Allow to stand for a time. Sift in a small teaspoonful cream of tartar, a small level teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda and ½ oz. sugar just before cooking. Cook in spoonfuls — as for Scotch drop scones — on a greased girdle or in a heavy frying-pan. Serve with a little hot jam.

Surprise Potato Balls

Cook 1 lb. potatoes and beat well with a fork. Add a large grated carrot, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley and some salt and pepper. Use a little milk, if necessary, to bind the mixture, but do not make it wet. Form into balls. Make a hole in each, drop in a small teaspoonful of sweet pickle and close the hole. Roll the balls in browned breadcrumbs, place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

These are good for any and every meal.

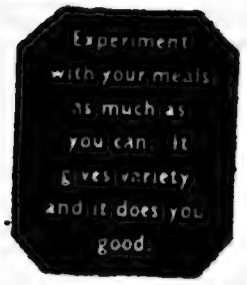
Parsley Potato Cakes

Here is a new breakfast dish which you can prepare the day before.

Boil 1 lb. potatoes and mash them while hot with a very little hot milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Next morning, add a tablespoonful chopped parsley. Shape the mixture into little cakes, cover well with browned breadcrumbs and pan fry in a little hot fat, or bake in the oven.

P's for Protection Potatoes afford;
O's for the Ounces of Energy stored;
T's for Tasty, and Vitamins rich in;
A's for the Art to be learnt in the Kitchen.
T's for Transport we need not demand;
O's for Old England's Own Food from the Land;
E's for the Energy eaten by you;
S's for the Spuds which will carry us through!



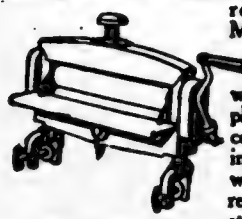
Make a point of listening to the Radio Kitchen Front at 8.15 every morning.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

a word of four letters meaning the finest wringer-mangle-cleanser-all in one!

ACME

The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.



THE ACME LION

Fry's Cocoa as a food

(2)

IN NERVE DEFENCE

FRY'S Cocoa is so packed with nourishment, energy and nerve-strengthening substances that it is a favourite drink wherever there is a job to be tackled, problems to be met, or strain to be borne. As a nightcap Fry's Cocoa is soothing and warming, bringing sound, nerve-restoring sleep to both adults and children.

Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

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★ **A. W. HELLIWELL, "John Bull's" Boxing Correspondent, begins a series of forthright pen portraits of contemporary champions by introducing Henry Armstrong, who made a fortune with his fists after living on what he could beg from soup kitchens**

SEPIA SLAYER

HALF-BLIND and with all the strength slugged from his aching body, yet still feebly endeavouring to swing his fists in the old whirlwind style, "Homicide Henry" Armstrong, the negro Wizard of Sock, passed from the pugilistic stage as gallantly as any man has ever done.

He drew the biggest crowd ever to attend a fight at Madison Square Garden when, before quitting the ring for good, he attempted to regain his world welter-weight title from Fritzie Zivic last January.

Nearly all the champions have fought at the Garden, but not even Joe Louis has packed the customers in so tightly as the little sleepy-eyed "Sepia Slayer."

That this should be so was a fitting tribute to his greatness, and Henry Armstrong was, beyond all shadow of doubt—and I do not except Louis—the greatest champion in modern ring history.

He was a fistic marvel, a worker of miracles inside the roped square such as we never had seen before, nor ever shall again, I fancy.

Within a space of twelve months this soft-spoken, coffee-hued young man, whose ancestors toiled as slaves in the cotton fields of Alabama, won three world titles at different weights and saved a fortune in annuities and gilt-edged stocks.

A Record in World Titles

He first knocked out Petey Sarron, feather-weight king, and then went on to trounce Barney Ross for the welter title and Lou Ambers for the light-weight crown.

No fighter has ever held those three titles before.

The odds against it happening again are astronomical.

When I first met Armstrong—his real name, by the way, is Jackson, and he first fought as "Melody" Jackson, because, like all coloured folk, he loves singing—he had dropped the feather-weight title, but still reigned as welter and lightweight champion.

Armstrong had come to England to fight Roderick, and we talked for a long time in the luxurious Mayfair apartment he had rented for his stay in this country.

I remember him lounging with his elegantly trousered legs tucked under him on an enormous settee.

A big ice-white solitaire glowed with molten fire on his left hand.

He wore a magnificent platinum wrist watch, and on his heavy green silk shirt there was a gold tie-clip fashioned into the initials "H. A."

He was then twenty-six, and had been in the big money for only two years, but for all his expensive jewellery and lavish wardrobe—he wears forty-guinea suits and five-guinea shirts—Armstrong was already looking after his earnings.

One of the first things he told me was that he intended to continue fighting until he had saved the particular sum on which he had set his heart.

"I am to put aside another hundred thousand dollars before I retire," he said. "That may take me a couple of years. It may take less, but as soon as I have it I shall quit the ring."

Tramping and Starving

His story is a real rags-to-riches romance.

He has known what it means to starve, to tramp the streets looking for work, and to ride the freight-train rods, as Jack Dempsey did when he, too, was a penniless hobo.

From this rough school emerged the well-groomed, wealthy young man I met; yet only eight years before, shabby, dispirited and down-and-out, he had stood, rain-drenched and shivering, outside a Los Angeles hostel, fighting to conquer his pride and beg for a bed and a bowl of soup.

A happy family man, Henry Armstrong, the well-dressed traveller, bears little resemblance to the cool, ferocious, untiring Sepia Slayer

You might imagine that, having reached the top, he would have been anxious to keep his past in the background and boast of his triumphs, or how it felt to be a triple champion, or of the money he had earned.

Baby of the Family

Instead, it was of his early struggles he talked, of his days as a shoeshine boy, and of how he peddled papers barefoot through the sunlit streets of old St. Louis to help feed his thirteen motherless brothers and sisters.

"I was selling papers when I was seven," he told me. "My father tried to make a living raising vegetables, but I guess there couldn't have been much dough in it because, although I was the baby of the family, I had to help keep a roof over our heads.

"Dad wanted me to be a doctor, but I couldn't afford a college education, and I had to take jobs of swinging a sledge-hammer with a railroad gang, and as a pin-boy in a bowling alley."

Armstrong's quiet manner and soft voice did not suggest a man who had earned a "killer" reputation by the cold, relentless fury of his fighting methods.

Inside the ropes, with his fists laced into a pair of gloves, he was just so much coffee-coloured dynamite, but outside I found him a likeable, pleasant young man with only a slightly flattened nose and a faint scar, that gave rather a sinister narrowing effect to his left eye, to advertise his profession.

He had his first boxing lessons from his brother Harry with a set of frayed and battered second-hand gloves for which they saved up precious dimes for many weeks.

After a disastrous debut in Pittsburg, when he was knocked cold in the second round—the first and only time in his long career—Armstrong and his brother made up their minds to make for the Pacific coast, the Mecca towards which so many young fighters have turned hopeful eyes.

They set out with three dollars capital, borrowed in dimes and quarters from friends in St. Louis, and for weeks they tramped the highways and rode the rods, sleeping in hobo "jungles" and living on berries and stale bread, until they drifted into Los Angeles, dusty, footsore and utterly weary.

"Boy, I don't wonder no promoter would look at us," Armstrong said. "It was so long since I had eaten a square meal that I was nothing but skin and bone. They wouldn't believe that I was a fighter—and I don't blame them."

Living on Pennies

For days the undernourished, skinny, coloured boy—who one day was to be a world champion—and his brother lived on pennies.

They were just about at the end of their tether when a good-natured ex-boxer named Thomas gave them a few coppers for coffee and told them of a hostel where they could get a bed and a meal.

"I guess my luck touched rock-bottom the night we slept at the Mission," Armstrong told me. "Anyway after that it changed."

Even so, the going was still tough. He still had to shine shoes and sell papers between training sessions.

Eventually, after slugging his way through the ranks of the third- and second-raters, he attracted attention by beating Midget Wolgast, and then the veteran Davie Abad. Soon afterwards he licked Baby Arizmendi, Californian featherweight champion, at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, and it was as a result of this win that he and "Fat Eddie" Mead, the fight manager, came together.

Al Jolson and George Raft each staked Mead to five thousand dollars to buy Henry's contract from Wirt Ross, who had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it four years previously.

Armstrong in the ring was the personification of perpetual motion. Waiting for the bell, he would lean back lazily in his corner, his sloe-eyes narrow under drooping lids. You might imagine that he was on the point of falling asleep.

"Homicide Hank"

But when he came out fighting wide-shouldered and lean-hipped, bobbing and weaving on spider legs, flailing terrible punches with both hands—then you saw why they called him "Homicide Hank."

He blasted his way to victory in the searing, scorching manner of a human blowlamp, bewildering his luckless opponents by the hurricane speed at which his power-packed fists crashed home from all points of the compass.

Like old Bob Fitzsimmons, Armstrong had the habit of warming up in his dressing-room before a fight.

At Harringay Arena (London), where he fought Roderick, the coloured champion startled all of us by shadow-boxing his way down the aisle to the ringside.

He ducked under the ropes and continued slinging punches at imaginary opponents all through the preliminaries.

The only time he could be persuaded to remain still for an appreciable space was while his gloves were being laced on.

In fact, it seemed that he was likely to wear himself out before the fight started, but it had not long been in progress before we realised that we were watching one of boxing's supermen.

That warming-up process had been no show-off.

It was made necessary by Armstrong's whirlwind style of fighting, and, indeed, in the first round, before he had got into top gear, Roderick scored repeatedly with straight lefts to the face.

Best Since Joe Gans

Thereafter, however, although he fought gamely and brilliantly, Roderick was outclassed. On his form that night our champion would have beaten any other welterweight in the world. It was his misfortune to meet the best welterweight in the world since Joe Gans.

Armstrong's energy was astounding.

He kept boring in, taking everything in his stride, and shooting over punches at Bren-gun speed.

At times he hit Roderick so fast that the Englishman must have thought it was raining boxing-gloves.

The pace he set was a killing one, but he called no halt, and in the fifteenth round was still fighting so furiously that the man on my left exclaimed: "He's only just warming up!"

It was an evening long to be remembered—for Armstrong's brilliance and Roderick's pluck. They were both magnificent.

NEXT WEEK

Len Harvey—the Come-Back King

TO THE HOUSEWIVES OF BRITAIN

PLEASE FINISH TRAVELLING BY 4 O'CLOCK

..and leave the buses, trams and trains free for war workers

Issued by the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Labour and National Service

Every part of his body was affected by

Rheumatic Acids

until

Fynnon Salt

shifted them

"It is heaven to be healthy," says G.H.E., writing from Kingston-on-Thames. He wouldn't have said that—but for FYNNON SALT.

"At 32 every part of my body was affected, not only by swelling but by unbearable pain. I could not walk, my way of getting about the house was by crawling on my hands and knees. However, one evening I heard about FYNNON Salt. I lost no time, for the following day I was taking Fynnon and have done so ever since. Now I am happy to say I can walk, run, and enjoy a day's work with pleasure—it is heaven to be healthy. I am overjoyed with all that Fynnon has done for me. My severe pains and swellings are all gone."

Fynnon contains the salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium, which disperse rheumatic acids, often the cause of rheumatic stiffness and pain in every shape and form. Why not get some Fynnon Salt to-day—and start taking it at once? Large tin: 1/5. Trial size 7d. (inclusive of Purchase Tax).

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx

What you can do in the RAF

Flying Duties. The R.A.F. wants keen, fit men between the ages of 17½-32 to volunteer for flying duties. Even if you have registered, you can still volunteer. Maximum ages—for pilots 30, for air observers or wireless operator/air gunners 32.

If you need coaching to the standard of education required for flying duties, are aged 17½-31, and are in other respects suitable, tuition will be provided for you near your own home, at the expense of the Air Ministry. Service training does not begin until 18..

Flight Mechanics. Skill and semi-skilled tradesmen are needed to maintain and repair air frames, engines, armament and equipment. There are also vacancies for unreserved men who are mechanically minded, handy with tools and willing to be trained.

A.T.C. Those who are between 16-18 and, therefore, still too young for flying duties, should enrol in the Air Training Corps. Having thus obtained valuable preliminary experience they will be able to enrol in the R.A.F. at 17½. Squadrons are being formed in schools, universities and in chief towns.

W.A.A.F. The W.A.A.F. wants women keen to help in the great work of the flying men of the R.A.F. If you have had experience as a Secretary, Typist, Shop Assistant, or Cook, you can be readily trained for important duties.

For fuller information about any of the above duties, apply to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange). If you cannot call, write to-day for details.

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. *Please send me latest details of*

Flying Duties ☐ *NAME*.....

Free tuition scheme ☐

Flight Mechanics ☐ *ADDRESS*

A.T.C. ☐

W.A.A.F. ☐

X against the one in which you are interested.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED

DOING OUR LEVEL BEST

This year many a Murphy owner will carry on with his present set when normally he would change it for a new model. This is right and patriotic—and even more to the point it is unavoidable because we just can't make enough new sets to go round! Direct war work takes priority in our minds and actions. Whatever use we *can* be to the country's war effort we *must* be.

Happily your Murphy set will give you good service for far longer than you might reasonably expect, because it was a well-made set in the first place. If it is to go on working well, however, give it a fair chance. All over the country Murphy dealers know that one of their main jobs in war-time is to keep wireless sets in service.

With the loyal help of our dealers we shall try, no matter what the difficulties, to look after all Murphy set owners, for we believe very firmly that the wireless set is itself a real piece of war equipment, doing a great job of work on the Home Front.

If you haven't a wireless set in your home, a Murphy is worth waiting for. If you have an old set, a Murphy Dealer can do quite a lot to give it a new lease of life.

ON TWO FRONTS

MURPHY RADIO

C.R.C 64

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TO my mind, the much-quoted remark of Queen Victoria about the possibilities of defeat not existing is not good sense.

Mr. Churchill wouldn't be guilty of such false optimism.

He knows, as we all know, that we are going to win because we are all realising that the possibility of defeat does exist.

That realisation makes us work to banish such a possibility.

Every great boxer has known that the possibility of defeat existed—whatever he said in his training camp. That is why he trained hard, worked hard, and kept on tip-toe from the word "Go."—C. E. Ara, Leeds.

They're All Snobs

So there's a better world coming—a world without snobbery? H'm, I wonder. I don't think my own sex will fit into such a paradise.

At my place of business, the men are "firewatching" from 9 p.m. throughout the night; the women from black-out time till the men arrive.

Girls of the office staff have refused to use the camp beds provided by the firm for the girls generally—because they are *factory* girls.

The firm has bought them camp beds.

While there are women in the world there will be snobbery.—Miss L. Y., Downton, Wilts.

Not after His Blood

More newspaper and broadcast appeals for blood donors.

Yet if I send in my name as a volunteer, it will be for the fourth time.

Never have I received the courtesy of a reply—much less a test of my blood.—Fred Beardsell, Far End, Holme, Huddersfield.

There Are Dodgers

I have questioned two dozen of the tramps who saunter along the narrow Devon lanes.

Forty per cent. of them appear to be of military age, if you look beneath the tousled beards. Some speak as though well educated.

Yet all profess to know nothing about such matters as Registration for Military Service, or calling up.

They should be cleaned up—in more than the bodily sense.—H. Hargreaves, Exmouth, Devon.

All for the "Boys"

Reference in "Voice of the People" to a street and a block of flats that have both collected big sums for their own boys in the Services prompts me to tell you this:

A few neighbours arranged, in October, 1939, to have a whist party every week to provide local boys with comforts.

Besides providing actual comforts, we have distributed £65 among them—and have just handed £60 over to the local Spitfire Fund.—R. S. Chapman, treasurer, Hill Street, Galashiels.

Who Was To Blame?

Following a "blitz" on this town, we heard a loudspeaker, mounted on a van, announcing "Police calling," then reciting certain precautions about water supply.

Waterworks officials have now told us that no such announcement was authorised. And a police van has gone round telling people to take no notice of the "water rumour."

We are left wondering whether foreign agents have been at work.—C. R., London Road, North End, Portsmouth.

Perhaps a mistake was made. If so, it is understandable. But if there was no mistake, rigorous inquiries must be made.

65-Degree Fine

London police seem to have great difficulty in tracing black-out offenders whose houses back on to the railway lines.

They might copy Exeter, where an Observer Section of the "Specials" has been formed.

Constables with maps and compasses take bearings on any light they see, and telephone their findings to the police station.

There, on the bearings received, it is possible to work out the position of the offending light.

A 65-degree bearing from a particular hut has just landed a nice fat fine!—J. H. S., Crofton Road, North End, Portsmouth.

What's the Idea?

One reads that the Government is distributing food stocks as widely as possible for safety reasons.

I am manager of a grocery store in a reception area for evacuees, with warehouse room for, say, 20 tons each of sugar and bacon.

Yet we are sent each week our bare ration of 3¼ cwt. each. Twice in five weeks this has failed to arrive through railway delays, and we have been without for days.

Consumers would be happier and better served, the food would be safer, and the Government's food-distribution plans would work better if available food-spaces were kept filled and stocks were not doled out in this way.—S. Shaw, "Beechfield," Carleton, Skipton, Yorks.

Such Christianity!

Out with two babies under the age of two when the "Alert" sounded, I tried to join the congregation of a church that had left the building to take shelter.

The church gates were slammed in my face.

"We do not shelter the public," I was told.

Do they realise that inasmuch as they do it unto the least of these His little ones they do it unto Him?—Mrs. V. M. Newman, Besson Street, New Cross, S.E.14.

Mrs. Newman should remind the vicar that if his church is demolished by bombs the church will not pay for rebuilding, but the State, part of which is Mrs. Newman and those babies.

From a Fire Watcher

Authorities might well turn their attention to this snag in the fire-watching scheme.

With thirty-odd others, I work in a pill-box of a place that no fire could damage. Its contents certainly would not be destroyed.

Because there are more than thirty of us, we must provide a fire-watch. We haven't a grumble about that.

But not far away is an inflammable place stacked with petrol and oil, a danger to every building round. Yet because there are fewer than thirty workpeople there, fire-watching is considered unnecessary.—A. Black, "Somewhere in Surrey."

The local authority should be notified. EVERY place has to be under the surveillance of fire-watchers.

Gardener Soldiers

Waste of food in an Army unit can be stopped by sacking the Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant. He is to blame.

Through his orderly corporals the Regt. Q.M.S. should keep in touch with how much food is being consumed.

Where too much of any particular food is arriving, he should notify the distributing centre.

In my old regiment (the 13th Foot) anything saved by such economies was made up to the mess concerned in some other way.

Even during a war we used to cultivate gardens within our camp boundaries. The amount saved by growing our own vegetables was passed on to the Regimental Institute for the use of the whole unit.—Ex-Sergeant G. Walter (20006), Lansdown, Bath.

It's a Silly System

Working for a railway company, I see this happening under my nose every day.

Grain Dealer A notifies us that Mr. Dash, farmer, is handing us 100 quarters of oats, and on receiving them, will we transfer to the order of Grain Dealer B?

Grain Dealer B may then write to us telling us to transfer it to Grain Dealer C. I have seen six such transfers of one consignment, each transfer representing extra profit for some dealer, before the consignment has even left the station.

Eventually the grain will reach another part of the country, where the same process may be repeated.

What! Eggs too dear? You can't afford feeding stuff for your hens? Well, now you know one reason.—I. A. R., Glasgow.

This may be an instance where responsibility falls among Ministries of Agriculture, Food and Transport. It's a silly system.

It's Topsy-Turvy

What a topsy-turvy world this has become to the poor poultry-keeper.

I have two friends who kept 400 hens each before the war (you need about 400 to get any sort of living out of poultry).

Mr. B. found a war job at £6 a week, sold 300 of his hens. He gets a quarter of his peace time hen food, which is more than enough.

Miss A. had to sell most of her hens to save them from starving—and so sharing her own plight.

Obvious lesson is that the Government should distribute all the poultry food it has to spare to the people who depend on hens for a living, and should cut out the pin-money people.—George Holland, Kirkham, Lancs.

Poultry census showed the country depends on the backyard poultry-keeper for egg supplies.

Support from the Argentine

A MESSAGE OF FAITH AND HOPE FROM THE BRITISH PEOPLE
We are standing for you and we trust in the loyal morale of the British people, because their cause is our own cause and the hope of the civilized world.
"GOD SAVE THE KING"
"CANY"
ARGENTINA EGGS
EXTRACT ABOUT

OPENING a case of eggs from the Argentine, my employer, a baker, found inside it a wonderful letter [reproduced above] to the British public.

British people appreciate such evidence of their cause being upheld by all the free-thinking nations of the world.—Miss C. J. Grantham, Cow Lane, Teally, Lincoln.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE RECORDER:—"When he arrived the A.F.S. was dealing with the FIRES."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"Sir Andrew Cunningham has penetrated for 100 miles without encountering any kind of opposition and has poured 100 MILES of high explosives into what survives of Valona."

THE STAR:—". . . demanding that the bodies of dead dogs and COATS be surrendered to be utilised for fats."

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO:—". . . which would be available to TAIL traders whether liable to Excess Profits Tax or not."

WALTHAMSTOW GUARDIAN:—"Deciding to get something to SEAT, he went by trolleybus."

THE KENTISH MERCURY:—"The salary is £375 per annum, plus cost-of-LOVING bonus."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"This should be a grand CATTLE between two of our foremost young welter-weights."

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—"Another squad worked through the night to REALISE a number of horses overwhelmed in a goods yard."

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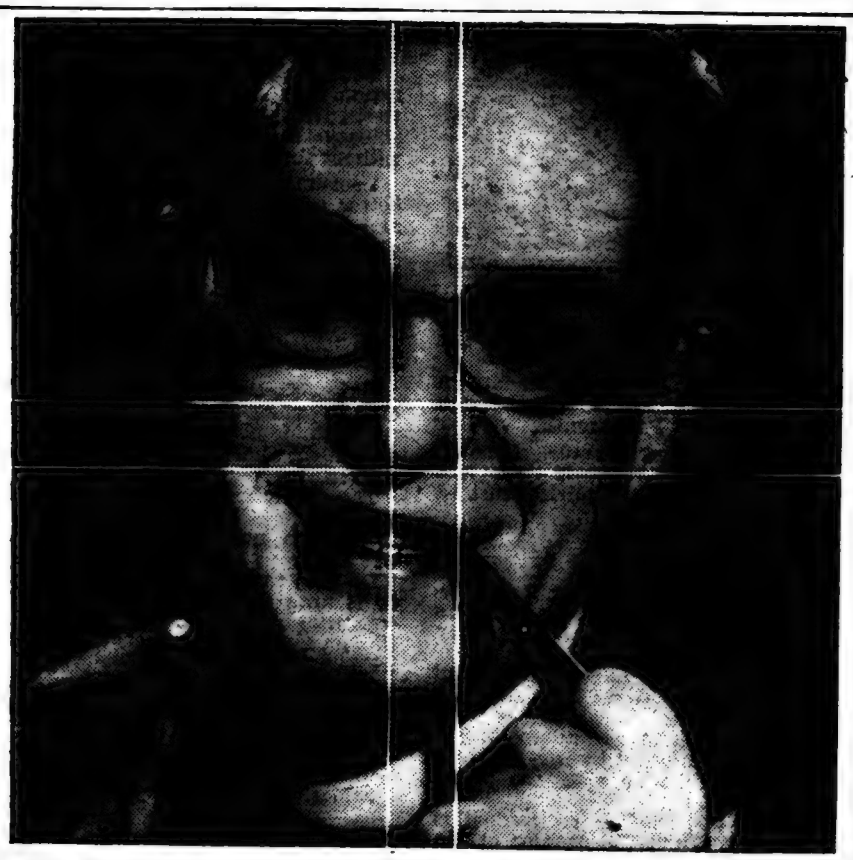

The General makes a convert

"It's rather jolly being called 'Padre' instead of 'the Bishop's Chaplain'. But what the General called me when he caught me smoking an artificially flavoured tobacco is nobody's business. He told me to smoke a pure tobacco, like 'Four Square Dammit', and I must say his advice was sound. I shall have to tell the Bishop what he said, or at least enough of it to convert him to 'Four Square Dammit'."

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO — NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING — 8 DIFFERENT BLENDS
ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH — PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

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What do I do...

to be ready for fire-bomb fighting?

I go to my warden or the nearest fire-station and ask where I can get instruction on tackling fire-bombs.

I buy from a newsagent or bookseller a copy of "Air Raids: What you must Know"—price 3d. I read carefully the chapter on fire-fighting, and see that my family read it too.

I keep water and earth or sand, and if possible a stirrup pump, always ready in my house. I arrange with my neighbours so that some of us are on watch every night.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

End Rheumatism While you Sleep

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Burning, Itching Passages, "Getting up Nights," Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nerviness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much—you must kill the germs which are attacking kidneys, flooding system with acids and poisons, sapping energy, ruining health. Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites, and Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- and 6/- (Plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex
For Kidneys, Bladder, Urination

One Man's Meat

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By WILL SCOTT

The hens flew to the sides of the road and back again to the middle. "Get out!" shouted Alf. Which made them fly all over the place

WALLY and Alf sat on the farm gate.

Alf had never been to the country before, but Wally knew every cow on the farm by name.

He could tell you why those dark green things with red berries were not at all the same as those other dark green things with red berries, although they looked just alike.

He was only six, but he could tell you pretty well everything.

Alf was seven, and, therefore, did most of the talking.

"Where I'm from, up in London," he said, "you don't ever see a cow. Ever."

"What, never see a cow?" said Wally.

"Never see a cow," said Alf.

This seemed to young Wally just a bit silly, like talking for the sake of it.

Why, everywhere you looked, anywhere, there was always at least *one* cow to be seen, and usually lots. Everybody *knew*.

"Gar!" he said, looking sideways at Alf.

"Honest," said Alf. "True as I'm here."

"Well, then," said Wally, pointing, "how did you know, first minute you was 'vacuated here, that *that* was a cow?"

"I knew what cows was *like*," Alf replied. "Course I did. I seen 'em on the flicks."

"Flicks?"

"Movies. Y'know. Gaw, yes! Before we was bombed out I used to go to the flicks twice a week. I seen farms on the flicks, an' Henry the Eighth, an' America, an' everything. I seen pigs an' things. I knew what they was like without seein' 'em. You didn't *have*."

He handed a sweet to Wally and stuck one in his own mouth.

"Mind," he said, nodding to the cows. "These are *real*. Like the air an' everything. Coo! D'yer *know*, last night, down here, it's the first time I been to sleep at six o'clock for weeks."

"Well, what time?" said Wally.

"Sometimes twelve o'clock at night. Sometimes no time at all."

"Gar!" said Wally.

"HONEST. True as I'm here. When the blitz was real bad we was up all night. Then you couldn't wake up all day, and you didn't go to school, and exams. went to pot.

"Honest, you didn't know whether you was standing on your head or your feet or if it was Monday or Wednesday sometimes."

"Where d'yer go?" asked Wally.

"Down the shelters."

"Down the shelters?"

"Yers. There was a big one, end of our street. Five hundred of us used to get in it, and blokes used to come round with ukes an' sing to us."

"Five hundred?"

"Yers."

"What—people?"

"Yers."

"What—all at once?"

"Yers."

"What—five hundred *people* all at once?"

"Yers."

"Gar!"

"Honest. True as I'm 'ere. Talk about not breathe! There was a woman one night, right next to me, she *fainted*."

Wally, mystified, shook his head.

"What's a uke?" he said.

"A uke? Don't you know what a uke is?"

"No."

"Gaw! Well, it's a—well, it's a uke. I can't tell you more than that, can I? If you don't know what a uke is, you don't know what a uke *is*, do you? An if you don't know, how can I tell you?"

Wally shook his head again.

"I'll race you," said Alf, "to the cross-roads."

"I can beat anybody to the cross-roads," said Wally. "I can beat anybody in the whole school to the cross-roads."

"What—from 'ere?"

"Yuh."

"Well, come on, then."

But Wally had beaten everybody to the cross-roads till he tired of it. Always winning isn't fun.

"I'll bet," he said, "you didn't see the Fire of London."

"I'll bet I did," said Alf.

"Gar!"

"Honest. True as I'm here'

"What about havin' to be in the shelter?"

"Well, what? 'Cos the shelter was full, see? An' we had to go to another one, an' we had to go on a 'bus.

"Yers. The 'buses run through it now. Don't stop for nothing. An' on that 'bus that night I seen it all. Coo! All London was on fire! True as I'm here, it was. Flames *miles high*!"

"Gar!"

"Well, I'm tellin' yer."

"ONCE we had a rick on fire," said Wally. "I stayed up all night and saw it all. Flames can't *go* miles high. I've seen."

"This is London," said Alf scornfully. "I saw it for myself. *Miles* high. Every bit of London, pretty near. I'm telling you. You ask anybody."

He yawned.

"Coo!" he said. "That's funny. Middle o' the afternoon an' I want to go to bed. Best air in the world Mum said I should find down here.

"When you're used to not going to bed before twelve, an' sometimes *not*, it don't 'arf feel funny. Last night, I reckon if a bomb had dropped right *next* I don't reckon I'd have heard it."

"If," said Wally, "there was five hundred people in that shelter, how many was left?"

"Thousands," said Alf.

"Thousands?"

"Millions," said Alf.

"Millions?"

"Yers."

"What's a million?"

Ah! What *was* a million?

"You see all those grasses in that field?"

"Yuh."

"That's about a million."

"But you said people."

"Tha's ri'."

"Gar!"

"It's as true as I'm here."

He yawned again.

"Coo!" he said. "Talk about sleepy!"

He jumped down from the gate.

"Come on!" he said. "I'll race you to the cross-roads."

"I can beat anybody——"

"You can't beat me."

"Who can't?"

"You can't!"

"*I* can't?"

"No."

"I don't want to go to the cross-roads."

"Yah!"

Alf stood smiling at Wally for a moment, and then suddenly turned and ran. Up the hill and away.

Wally looked after him, slowly climbed down from the gate and stood staring. Then he, too, began to run. Not as Alf ran, like a greyhound off the leash, but with long, lumbering strides.

Alf, at the second gate, looked round and grinned.

"Coo!" he said. And kept on.

The second gate led to the lane, and the lane, for a little distance led downhill. And at the foot of the hill a dozen hens picked grit in the middle of the road.

Alf stopped.

What did you do in a case like this?

The hens flew to the sides of the road and back again to the middle.

"Get out!" shouted Alf. Which made them fly all over the place.

On came Wally.

"Shoo!" shouted Wally.

The hens vanished and Wally went on.

"Coo!" said Alf, and followed. *Followed* . . .

Up the hill he managed to draw level, and at the top a yard or two ahead. He looked round and grinned again.

"Yah!" he said.

And then they met the sheep.

THE sheep, by the time Alf had sorted himself out from them, put Wally fifty yards ahead. And Alf had brought this down to no more than twenty yards when they met the horse and cart, which put it up to sixty.

"Of course," Alf told himself by way of consolation, "when you've lived all your life in the country . . ."

The cross-roads came in sight, not more than a quarter of a mile away. Alf, bright red in the face, put on a spurt. Sixty, fifty, forty . . .

Barring a herd of cows he might just do it. Thirty-five . . .

If only Wally would look back . . . That would be good for a yard. But Wally didn't.

"Coo!" thought Alf.

There was one field's-length to go.

ALF glanced nervously over the hedges. No cows! He put on a last spurt. He felt a little bit like a bullet out of a gun. He was a yard behind.

The cross-roads were *there*. He was a foot behind. The cross-roads were nearly here.

He was level.

The cross-roads were *here*.

He flung out his arm. From the corner of his eye he saw Wally swerve. Why? Too late, anyway. The cross-roads were here; he was here.

"Done it!" he shouted. And, through not swerving, ran into the ditch.

When he climbed out, damp and green, Wally was nowhere to be seen.

"Well, coo!" said Alf. "'S a nice thing! Leavin' a chap in a ditch! Nobody said nothing about back again. Leavin' a chap in a ditch, just to get back first!"

But Wally didn't get back first.

They got back together, neck and neck, Alf, limping slowly. Wally, in the side seat of Farmer Gittens's "motey car."

"Do ee know wheer Oi found un?" said Farmer Gittens to Wally's pa.

"Freeman's Cross. Seven mile away. An' runnin' loike mad. He'd just stopped to ask his way to Lunnon!"

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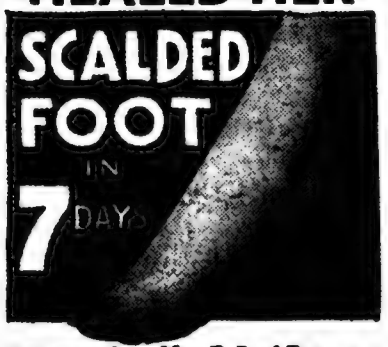
HEALED HER SCALDED FOOT IN 7 DAYS



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Grateful Lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful SILF reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lbs. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins. Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. NOW my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins. So you can see the marvellous difference."

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Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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Out in the cold and wet, with feet like blocks of ice, you're simply *asking* for trouble. Numb feet are a sure sign that your vitality is low, your circulation sluggish. That's when winter ills get you.

Don't stand the misery—and the danger—a day longer. Get a *move on* your circulation with Iodine. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes. They liberate Iodine vapour *under* your feet. Your pores absorb it and in 3 minutes you can feel the warm blood coursing through your veins. Chill and depression go at once. You feel well-shod, alive, ready for anything!

Be sure to get SIMPSON brand Socks, impregnated with the genuine Simpson *vaporising* Iodine. Others won't do. From chemists, 1/9. Ladies' and Men's. If difficulty, post free (send price and size) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.12), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a Free Laboratory Sample of a New Foot Bath Powder containing actual Seaweed? Just send a postcard.

★ **HUMANIST discusses the betrayal of a woman's confidence, the problems of modern childhood, and marriage after a broken romance**

Blackmail Threats by Widow

". . . and now she threatens that if I don't take her boy she will broadcast the scandal in the village."

EACH secret shared is an additional link between true friends. To a false friend, it becomes a weapon to be used against you.

The treachery of such a "friend" is illustrated perfectly by a woman reader who says that a lifelong "friend," recently widowed, has been left with a baby boy.

"She desires to return to her pre-war work," she says, "and suggests that I should care for her boy until he reaches school age.

"I want to refuse her request. I should probably love the child as my own, and the wrench would be unbearable when the mother took him back.

"My husband agrees with me.

Betraying a Confidence

"But my 'friend' is now using threats.

"I always confided my troubles to her, and she knew about an 'affair' of my husband's that nearly wrecked our lives.

"No one else knew about the trouble except this 'friend,' and now she threatens that if I don't take her boy she will broadcast the scandal in the village.

"This is a small place, and its inhabitants are unusually narrow-minded. As my husband is a public figure, local gossips would enjoy this tit-bit of scandal."

This widow's threat of betrayal is a sort of blackmail, and should, therefore, be defied.

If the husband is willing to face the village scandal, she ought not to hesitate for a moment.

Small-minded gossips should not be allowed to determine anybody's life.

Now look at the problem from the point of view of the child's well-being.

He is to be thrust into the arms of a woman who does not want him.

He is to be reared by two people who accept him through intimidation.

They may grow to love him.

Young children have a gift for winning affection, but at the age of four or five he is to be taken from them to return to his mother.

And she is an unnatural mother, entirely unscrupulous.

I am more anxious about the boy than about the village scandal. I don't like to think of his having such a mother.

This is a complicated problem, but I am convinced that the widow ought not to be allowed to get away with her blackmail.

Modern Children

ANOTHER woman is concerned about the well-being of all modern children.

"My own three," she says, "are fast growing up.

"There is more than a generation of change between us.

"I matured in a simple world, where people rose with the sun, went to bed at dark.

"They did their own marketing; baked their own bread.

"The Sunday dinner was a formal family affair.

"There was no fun to follow. No games. Only quiet reading, while parents dozed.

"My own children, two boys and a girl, born to modern life, with all its complexities, get cosmopolitan ideas through the films and radio. They do not need to walk: there are always buses.

"Life is easier in scores of ways, but do they get as much pleasure out of life as we did?

"I doubt it.

"Modern youth may be more active, physically and mentally, but are they as full of the joy of living?"

We all ask this question at times.

More is done for children to-day than a generation ago.

They have more liberty, more pocket-money, more amusements. Luxuries are accepted as a matter of course.

A century ago children were treated disgracefully—compelled to work in coalmines and cotton mills at the age of seven.

But a generation ago children did not have to face the ordeals of totalitarian war.

The bare-foot street arab has disappeared, but the lad of to-day has to sleep in Tube stations and public shelters, to face the perils of bombs.

I do not begrudge them their pleasures, but whether they enjoy life as their fathers and mothers did is another question.

People often say that the modern child is "soft" and "spoilt," but the way town children reacted to the "blitz" is beyond praise.

They are of "the right stuff."

Left to themselves, they will create their own pleasures and make the best of life. If they are bored, it is because we offer them too many ready-made amusements instead of letting them draw on their own resources.

Life is not likely to be too easy for them for a long time to come.

That Second Love

MANY readers have written to me about the question of marrying a second love.

Some of them, jilted or parted by a quarrel, married someone else.

In most instances the experiment was a success.

Failures usually occurred when rejected lovers married out of pique, subsequently repented.

"For thirty years," writes a man, "I toured the country in the glamour of the footlights, from fit-ups to No. 1 theatres.

"My first romance crashed through the interest we had in common. The search for recognition changed us from lovers into competitors.

"I subsequently married a girl who had worked hard to support her widowed mother. She had sacrificed her first sweetheart through her sense of duty to the home.

"She had never had a holiday. Until she met me she had never been to a concert, a dance, or a theatre.

"Can you imagine two lives more different?

"Yet we met, we loved, we married, and we settled in a cottage in the country.

"Our eleven years together have been exceedingly happy. We each had something to give, and love means giving.

"She gave me the sweet intimacies of home life—something I had never known.

"I gave her simple pleasures—an occasional dance or concert, and she helps me with small entertainments for local charities.

"Our only regret is that we did not meet years earlier.

"Those who miss their first loves should not be afraid of the second.

"Tell them to make the most of TO-DAY."

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

GERMANS

"THE German People can't all be bad!" We've said all that before; we said it the last time when they plunged mankind into hideous War. We're saying it again to-day because we are what we are; we do not when our wounds are healed brood upon the scar.

"THE German People aren't all at fault, they're led by the wrong men!" We said that when the Kaiser ruled, and we're saying it again, when a Man who Screams across the World the Thoughts of the German Mind, whose Howl of Hate leaves a slur of Death-strewn lands shuddering behind.

"THE German People are quite all right except for their Power Lust, but that will go if we will see the best in them and TRUST!" We said all that when we disarmed while they new weapons made, to wait for one to rise who could their Whine for Power parade.

"THE German People can't all be bad!" I do not say they are, but they have tried to haul down Heaven so they could set their Star of Power above a World of Men whom they would make their slaves. Well, the Signature of GERMAN PEACE will be WRITTEN ACROSS THOSE GRAVES.

"THE German People can't all be bad! That must indeed be so; but there will be much Time to Plough before the seeds we sow of New World Progress and New Aims, how wise if we make haste, slowly beneath God's Sure Hand nor the Freed World's Victory Waste.

"THE German People can't all be bad!" Nor all our people good; had this been so this Avalanche of Disaster had been withstood. But God Who Made us all knows each Race Virtue and Race Fault, and thus before the Might of Peace we would do well to HALT! We would do well not to assume the World changed o'er night; IT TAKES A LONG AND PATIENT WAY TO PASS FROM WRONG TO RIGHT.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

WIDOW of a window-cleaner who served in the last war, Mrs. Graham, a London woman, lost her only breadwinner when her eldest son was killed recently in an air raid.

Another son is suffering from meningitis, while her daughters' nerves were shattered by the raid in which the eldest boy was killed.

A third son, also in poor health, is still at school.

Unable to work because of her indifferent health,, Mrs. Graham has no pension. Because her husband started a window-cleaning round, she was not entitled to benefits under the National Health and Pension scheme.

She is having a hard struggle.

Please help her. Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to all those who contribute anonymously

This widow, bereaved by Nazi ferocity, is in need of your help. For she has no pension and no breadwinner

THE LAST LAUGH

S. M. (Worthing). — "The motorist has a right to expect a little beauty at the roadside." Perhaps he has, but the chances are she'll be parked in somebody else's car.

P. R. (Warley).—"I was so surprised when the C.O. sent for me that I just stared at him open-mouthed." And did he jump down your throat?

JESSIE (Sandown).—"I should like to write to two or three people about my age." Why on earth are you so anxious for them to know about it?

MRS. L. (Cowdenbeath).—"I had a terrible row with my husband last week and I expect you can guess who got the best of it." Your dressmaker?

B. H. (Portland).—"Did you know that old-fashioned courtship has been discovered among the lower animals?" So that's where it's gone!

D. N. (East Coast).—"A bomb exploded in my garden a few days ago, so I suppose that is good-bye to all my tulips and daffodils this year?" Well, at least you can claim that your bulbs were up early.

ALEC (Bursiem).—"What can one do when a girl friend bangs the front door in one's face?" Bathe it.

B. B. (Ditchingham).—"Flowers will last longer if there are no draughts in the room." Then we must stick to chess when the next bunch of daffodils arrive.

FLOSSIE (London, W.).—"I was going to train to be a hula-hula dancer, but I find that it is a business with uncertain future prospects." Yes; shaky in the extreme.

F. M. (Leominster).—"Owing to petrol restrictions, I ride a bicycle to my office every morning. What do you get to work on?" Time.

MISS C. (Tooting).—"I am going out with a boy for the first time next week. What shall I do if he tries to kiss me?" Nothing, if you want to be kissed.

SYLVIA (Colchester).—"I've run into a large number of old friends since I joined the W.A.T.S." You're a lorry driver?

E. K. (Middlesbrough).—"I put a certain amount of grease on my hair every day. Do you put anything on yours?" Yes, a hat.

P. B. (Banbury).—"The spring is coming and I am longing to see everything around me turning green." You'd enjoy yourself on board ship with a batch of naval recruits.

L. S. (Uxbridge).—"Before I became an air pilot I used to look upon our local squire and his large estate with awe." And now you often regard them far beneath you?

ACTOR (Edgware).—"The audience were clamouring when I left the stage after my first appearance." Daring you to come back?

MRS. G. H. (Coulsdon).—"After some years of complaint on my part, my husband has at last stopped going round to the public-house at nights. In fact, he has turned over a completely new leaf and has joined the Home Guard." See letter below.

MR. G. H. (Coulsdon).—"I have joined the Home Guard, and at last, for the first time in my married life, I can have a drink with the boys without having to face a barrage of complaints and accusations." See letter above.

N. S. (Stowmarket).—"Did the blot in my last letter worry you very much?" No, except that it was not large enough.

L. W. (Croydon).—"After all, if a man meets lots of attractive girls every night in a shelter, he is apt to forget that he's engaged." Or to remember it with regret.

P. T. (Hertingfordbury).—"We can hope for a really fine summer this year." Of course we can, but we probably shan't get it.

R. W. (Saxmundham).—"It is an undoubted truth that men don't like a woman who can cook but won't." It is equally true that they don't like one who can't cook but will!

NIGHT WATCHMAN (Liverpool).—"My boss has sacked me simply for talking. Surely I'm allowed to talk?" Not in your sleep.

MISS J. (Droitwich).—"I invited him to my twentieth birthday party, but he refused." Perhaps he'd been before.

A. L. (Bromyard).—"The fellow said he got the black eye in a sweethearts' quarrel. I can hardly imagine that." It must have been his girl's other sweetheart.

C. B. (Hinckley).—"I am a keen motorist and have been wondering what sort of car the Editor of JOHN BULL has." It's a queer sort of car—in fact, we should feel tremendously flattered if it were called second-hand.

TED (Bristol).—"In my efforts to get on, I've tried everything." Yes, even our patience.

MRS. G. (Peebles).—"It was disgraceful the way the man in my pew snored during the service." He woke you up?

(Side-Slips. See page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Ere yer are, fellers! If yer seethin' with revolt, there's nothin' like these 'ere to seeth with"

POISONED, RAZOR-SHARP STAKES AWAIT PARACHUTISTS AT THESE AIRPORTS

Japs Can't Make Them Scared

DUTCH diplomats at Netherlands headquarters in Stratton House, London, and Dutchmen, in tropical suits, smoking cigars and sipping liqueurs in the suffocatingly hot clubs of Sumatra and Java, are eagerly trying to put the Netherlands East Indies out of reach of Japan's grasping paw.

What a prize these Dutch colonies would be for Japan—if they could be lightly obtained.

Sixty-five million peace-loving Malay-Polynesians would be added to Japan's dominions.

Two thousand islands, packed with natives, pouring out oil, iron, gold, rice, tea, sugar, pepper and rubber, would go far to satiate the appetite of a country that is all but starving its inhabitants in a war against China.

Ten per cent. of the world's petroleum, 50 per cent. of its tobacco, 20 per cent. of its tin, 95 per cent. of its quinine are supplied by the Dutch East Indies, the "Indies tail that wags the Dutch dog."

* * *

Java, about the size of England, is dwarfed by the 162,000 square miles of Sumatra.

Sumbawa, Flores, Sumba and scores of other islands in the group are not only among the most fertile in the world, but also would be ideal bases for anybody aiming at communications between Australia and Britain.

Even so, tub-thumping Japanese Foreign Minister Mr. Matsuoka, and the fanatical conspirators who inspire his utterances, may well hesitate about including Dutch subjects in their "New Order."

Open spaces around the great naval airfield at Sourabaya, Java, bristle with bamboo stakes, about three feet in height, with points whittled razor-sharp and tipped with poison.

They are intended for parachutists.

* * *

At secret spots in the interior dark-skinned natives have been hacking at trees and jungle for many months creating aerodromes for the growing Dutch East Indies Air Force.

Concrete forts and numerous pill-boxes at the entrance to important harbours give additional meaning to submerged barbed-wire entanglements, minefields and beach-mines with which the approaches are strewn.

Many square miles of steaming swamps form a natural barrier to men or tanks in some parts of the colony.

When the Japanese recently sent their diminutive envoy, Ichizo Kobayashi, to "negotiate" with the Dutch for oil he pointed smilingly at these fortifications.

Without turning a hair, the Dutch replied smoothly that the Netherlands East Indies Government was naturally worried at the imperialist ambitions of French Indo-China!

There is no defeatism in the Dutch East Indies.

Naval bases at Sourabaya and Amboyna are considered impregnable.

Torpedo-boats being built at Sourabaya dockyard to supplement present units are well armed with "A.A." guns and torpedo-tubes.

Spick-and-span Dutch warships cannot compete with the Japanese Fleet, but the Japanese would be astonished to know the number of submarines in commission.

The Dutch seaman is second to none in fighting spirit.

* * *

With 100 landing-grounds and flying-bases constructed in the islands, the Dutch have ordered large numbers of bombers, fighters and naval flying-boats from the United States, to supplement an already powerful Air Force.

Pilots are in training and regular coastal patrols (chiefly by Martin bombers) ensure that no hostile vessel can approach the main islands without interception.

Japanese fishing-boats, the "eyes" of their navy, have become wary of sailing too close to fortified points since one of their trawlers was sunk.

The army, of 100,000 men, has been busy felling trees, preparing tank traps—and in anti-invasion exercises.

* * *

Yet an army of 100,000 men, even though backed by an Air Force that will be quadrupled in numbers by the end of this year, and a small well-equipped fleet may seem a poor proposition to the layman for defending a territory so many times the size of Britain.

But Japan's invasion problems are not the same as Hitler's.

Japan has no bases a few miles across the water.

The 2,500-mile-long ocean trip from Formosa (only 500 miles short of the distance between Liverpool and New York), the nearest Japanese naval base, to Java is bestrewn with hazards.

The forty-five-year-old Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies, Dr. A. W. L. Tjardra van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, is a man of resource.

His piercingly blue eyes reveal a tremendous will-power.

He knows the combined British, Dutch and possibly U.S. naval units in the Far East would be dangerous for a Japanese Fleet operating so far from its bases—2,500 miles is considered the maximum safe operating limit.

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Example: WAITING FOR A LIFT
Bullet: *AND* BEING "DRIVEN," BUSSO!

£20 Second Prize: J. Gibbs, 2/4, East Holme, Birmingham.
Example: Women in the Kitchen
Bullet: Saving "Tommy," Spares Jack.

£10 Third Prize: R. Shepherd, 161, Victoria St., London, S.W.
Example: Robbers!
Bullet: "Sitting *On* Stocks," Hoardings.

100s.: E. E. Green, 48, Bostock Avenue, Northampton.
Golden Opportunity—Hail It! Nail It!

80s.: A. Kent, 27, Nightingale Road, Derby.
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60s.: D. Watson, 12, New Road, Earby, Colne.
From America—"Protection"—*We'll Be* "Shooting."

40s.: E. Mayes, 24, Sunbeam Road, Hull.
Flag Of Democracy—Fluttering "Under" Fluttering Bluster.

39s.: G. Lloyd, "Sunnydene," Breaden Avenue, Somercotes, Derbyshire.
Waiting For A Train—Unconcealingly, Headlines—"Rattling By."

38s.: F. Hayden, 38, Homecroft Road, London, N.
Robbers—Facing Roosevelt's "Electric *Chairmanship*."

37s.: E. C. Collier, 13, Kensington Road, Blackpool.
Happy Home—I Twig Its Twigs.

36s.: Miss E. Lye, 6, High Street, Kingston-on-Thames.
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35s.: Miss I. Braithwaite, 159, Borough Road, E., Middlesbrough.
Waiting For A Ship—*Again*, If Picked Up!

34s.: J. Hannah, Mochrum, Portwilliam, Wigtownshire.
End Of The War—For Hannibal's "*Breakfast* Army."

33s.: G. Lee, 45, Restalrig Avenue, Edinburgh.
End Of The War—For Profiteers, Business End!

32s.: W. W. Clifford, 1, Cambridge Villas, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.
Waiting For A Second—Opportunity—For A Lifetime!

31s.: S. Pickard, 91, Apsley Common, nr. Nuneaton.
When Hitler's Finished—Passing Quiet? Passing Spend!

A List of 4 Winners of 30s., 50 Winners of 29s., and 1,000 Merit Awards can be seen at these offices.

HOW TO WIN! Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*—*that's all there is to it!* That very *Bullet*, however, may prove a big winner and—who knows—carry off this week's £100 First Prize.

Before you begin, you will find it a help to read the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left, then start right away on the *Examples* to make the next *Bullets* Joy Wire YOURS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

WHAT WINSTON SAYS
JOHN CITIZEN WANTS
NAZI NAPOLEON
ON THE WAY HOME
THE MOTHER COUNTRY
CLEANING UP
PATRIOTS
THE POLICE
BIT OF A DEVIL
SMITH'S A HERO, BUT
UNKNOWN
SEEING THINGS
DROPPED EVERYTHING
TEST OF TIME
BREAD
OUR FAULT
HEARD IN THE "BLITZ"
SUPPRESSED
SPECTRE OF DEFEAT
SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Greater Than	....	Making	..... Safe
Boss Of The	.....	Kept	..... Busy
To-day's	.....	Stop	..... And

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RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps sent to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

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BULLET
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DAILY HERALD

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- *"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."*
- *"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."*
- *"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."*
- *"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."*
- *"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."*
- *"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."*
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- *"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., etc.*

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